

UNLOCKING THE KEY CLUBS



1953

Chicago

THE BOSS OF BRONZEVILLE

MOCKING THE COLUMNISTS:

Harris, Landers, Kupcinet & Lyo





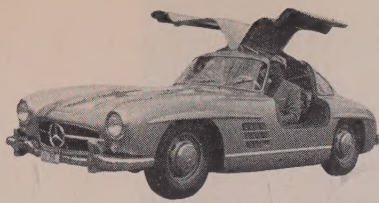
"Take my gold doubloons...
Just give me a drink
made with
FLEISCHMANN'S BOND"

"And pipe this...Matey...
Fleischmann's Bond
is 6 YEARS OLD
...to make every
drink more delicious
than ever!"



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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PAGE 34

June 1955



PAGE 38

Chicago

CONTRIBUTORS

"A Nosegay of Newspaper Pundits" is the result of a tripartite collaboration by Bob Arbogast, former Chicago radio comedian now writing and performing for New York television, and Maurice English and Alan Whitney, both of this magazine's editorial staff.

An MG owner, Walter Ryberg, wrote "The Happy, Hell-Bent Thousand." He is assistant city editor of the City News Bureau. John Fink, the author of "Phonevision—Rescue or Ruin for TV?", is assistant editor of the Chicago Tribune's radio and television department.

James Biery, 26 years old and the author of "The Blue Pool," is a retired newspaperman who does publicity work.

EXHIBITOR

Harold Walter's photogram illustration for "Sheriff Babb and the Floating Crap Game" (April, 1954) has been selected for the 4th annual national exhibition of the Art Directors club of New York. It will be shown at museums throughout this country and Europe during the coming year.

COVER

Theodora, formerly of the Everleigh club and now of the Gaslight, was photographed with a current admirer by Lee Balterman. The design is Joe Phelan's.

4 WINDOW WISHERS, photographs by Russell V. Hamm

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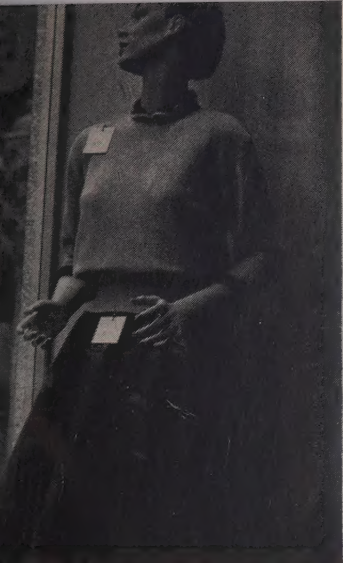


Window Wishers

*Passers-by ponder everything
from cabbages to cornplaster
with inexhaustible curiosity*

photographs by Russell V. Hamm





WHAT

GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

The Tender Trap, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Max Shulman helped write this farce about bachelorhood. K. T. Stevens, Russell Nype and Kent Smith are in the cast. Nightly, 8:30 (Tues., 7:30); mat. Sat., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). The 1,750,000 people who have seen this wide-screen spectacle can start over. This show closes on the 13th and is replaced June 15 by **Cinerama Holiday**, which follows couples on tour in Europe and the U. S. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Northwestern University, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). An outdoor summer drama festival of comedy. June 29, Aristophanes' "The Birds"; June 30, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," by Beaumont and Fletcher. 8:30 p.m.

Playwrights theater, (WH 3-2272). Thru June 14, O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock." "Othello," with William Marshall in the title role, opens the group's second summer of Shakespeare on June 16. Reservations necessary.

summer stock

(Summer theater programs are subject to abrupt change, so it is best to check before starting out).

Fox Valley, Arcadia theater bldg., St. Charles (St. Charles 5203). June 10 thru 26, "Oklahoma!"; June 28, "Annie Get Your Gun." Nightly except Sun., 8:30.

Michiana theater, Michiana Shores, Ind. (Michigan City 2-5858). "The Man Who Came to Dinner" opens June 29. Wed. thru Sun., 8:30.

Music theater, County Line rd. & Skokie, Highland Park (Highland Park 2-5461). June 10 thru 26, "South Pacific"; June 27, "Best Foot Forward." Nightly, 8:30. **Salt Creek**, 1st & Garfield, Hinsdale (BI 2-1492). Opens June 3. From June 20, "Wedding Breakfast." Nightly except Sun., 8:30.

Shady Lane, U.S. 20, Marengo (Marengo 925). June 14 thru 19, "Time Out for Ginger"; June 21 thru 26, "Dial M for Murder." Nightly except Mon., 8:30.

Tenthouse, 508 Central, Highland Park (Highland Park 2-1160). June 10 thru 19, "Time Out for Ginger"; June 21 thru 26, "The Far Off Hills"; opening June 28, "Sabrina Fair." Nightly except Mon., 8:40 (Sun., 7:40).



DANCE

Ballet Theater, Ravinia Park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). June 20 thru 25, 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (FR 2-0566). June 17, Maria Braggiotti, piano. 8:30 p.m.

Ravinia Festival, Ravinia park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Chicago Symphony orchestra. **June: 28** opening concert. **30**, Jorge Bolet, piano soloist. Eduard van Beinum, cond. 8:30 p.m.

Grant Park Symphony orchestra, Grant park band shell (HA 7-5252). **June: 22 & 24**, Erica Morine, violin, soloist; **25 & 26**, Alice Riley, soprano, Rosmary Anoe, contralto, Harold Brindell, tenor, Andrew Foldi, bass, soloists, and Swedish Choral club, Symphony No. 9, Beethoven. **29**, Robert Maczynski, piano soloist. Nicolai Malko, cond. 8 p.m. **Free** **Larry Grika**, violin, Roosevelt university 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). June 1. **Illinois Bell chorus**, Orchestra hall (H. 7-0363). June 3, 8:30 p.m.

School of the Art Institute Glee club, Blackstone hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). June 5, 3:15 p.m. **Aeolian Glee club**, Fullerton hall, Art Institute. June 12, 3 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE

7080). Masterpiece of the month for June: "The Monkey Band," a set of 15 Meissen porcelain figures. **New exhibit:** thru June 2, 58th annual exhibit by artists of Chicago and vicinity, east wing galleries. **Continuing:** thru June 5, work by members of Graphic Workshop of Chicago, gallery 11; thru June 12, drawings and watercolors by Dorothy Dehner, gallery 16; thru June 30, Chinese paintings from the 14th thru 18th centuries from collection of Dr. K. C. Wu, gallery H-9; thru July 1, documentary photographs of the Latin quarter of Paris by Edouard Van Der Elsen, gallery 5; Japanese folding screens of the 17th and 18th centuries, gallery H-9; woodcuts by Ichiryusai Hiroshige from the series "One Hundred Views of Edo," gallery H-5; three oil studies and 25 preliminary drawings shown with Jack Levine's "The Trial," gallery of art interpretation; selection of woven fabrics of the 19th century, demonstrating transition from hand to mechanical production, galleries A-1 thru A-5. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Association of Chicago Painters and Sculptors, group show. June 4 thru 25, Chicago galleries, 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9656). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. to 4 p.m.

Self-portraits by Old Town Triangle artists. Thru June, Frank Ryan gallery, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Wed. to 6 p.m. **W. F. McCaughey**, watercolors; **Freeman Schoolcraft**, sculpture; **Carmen Reporto**, photographs. Thru June, Riccardo's restaurant, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.; Sun. from 1 p.m.

Virginia Bath, Frances Schoenwetter & Frances Shure, oils and watercolors. From June 6, Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Mon. & Thu. to 8:30 p.m.

Dean J. Meeker, paintings and serigraphs. Thru June, Palmer House gallery, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Renaissance society, members' exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings and sculpture. Thru summer, 108 Goodspeed Hall, 1010 e. 59th. (MI 3-0800, ext. 1218). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Hans Erni, new paintings. Thru June, Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to 6 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). After extensive remodeling, which has included the installation of a new inner dome, the planetarium reopens with an anniversary week celebration, June 6 thru 10, and remains open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: "California: her Gold and Growth," an exhibition of early California lithographs. The two rooms destroyed by fire last fall have been restored and reopened.

Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). "Cars of Yesterday," a display of antique automobiles dating from the early 1900's, shown with other articles of the times. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Mummies, statues and cultural artifacts from ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

SPECIAL EVENTS

A colorful annual custom has been established in the outdoor art fairs on the North and South Sides, at which



artists and artisans display a miscellany of wares. In case of rain, the fairs are held the following week end.

57th Street fair, June 4 & 5, 57th between Kenwood and Kimbark (FA 4-5260.) Morning to dusk.

Old Town Holiday, June 11 & 12, 1800 block on Lincoln Park West (MO 4-7346). Morning to dusk.

TOURS

Board of Trade, Jackson at La Salle (WA 2-2800). Largest grain market in the world. Mon.-Fri., 9:45 a.m. to 12:40 p.m.

Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100). Mon.-Fri., 2, 4 & 8 p.m.

Ford Motor company, 12600 Torrence (MI 6-3100, ext. 250). Assembly plant. Mon.-Fri., 9 & 10 a.m., 1 & 2 p.m.

Marshall Field & Co., 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Groups of 5 to 20, 3rd floor

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data file on request

Key Clubs nite life tour June 28

Jac Worth will conduct a tour of his favorite Key Clubs on June 28, Tuesday, at 6:30 p.m.

Five of the most fabulous clubs have been selected for the exclusive tour, which will include the Nocturne, the Gaslight, the Gold Key, 12 West Maple and the Bachelors.

The evening will begin in the famous Pump Room with its spectacular Flaming Sword dinner.

Orlando the incredible, who plays the harp, the piano and sings in five languages, will entertain at the Nocturne; Lil Hines, noted daughter of the great Fatha Hines, will reveal her piano virtuosity at the Bachelors Club, while the Gaslight will display its Gay Nineties decor and old time gaiety.

Bela Kanitz, the gypsy pianist who is equally at home in the classics, Dixieland and progressive jazz, will be heard at 12 West Maple, while the talented Jimmy Lee will amuse with his charming lyrics and whimsical piano at the swanky Gold Key in the Chez Paree.

Membership in the tour will be \$25 and will include dinner, Cadillac for the evening, six cocktails, entertainment and all tips and taxes.

Checks for reservations should be mailed to Jac Worth, Director of Art Circle, 541 Deming Place, Chicago 14. For further information call GR 7-2763.

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Our 99th Week!**

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**Starting June 15th
"Cinerama Holiday"**

information desk. Mon.-Fri., advance reservations necessary.

Merchandise Mart. Mdse. Mart plaza (WH 4-4141). Home furnishing displays. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.



SPORTS

baseball

Cubs. Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). **June: 14, 15 & 16,** New York; **17, 18 & 19** (doubleheader), Philadelphia; **21, 22 & 23,** Brooklyn; **24, 25 & 26** (doubleheader), Pittsburgh.

White Sox. Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). **June: 4 & 5** (doubleheader), New York; **7** (night), **8 & 9** (doubleheader), Baltimore; **10** (night), **11 & 12** (doubleheader), Washington; **28** (night), **29 & 30,** Detroit.

golf

Qualify USGA Open. Lincolnshire country club, Richton rd., Crete township, (IN 8-9414). June 6.

Women's National Collegiate championship. Shoreacres Golf club, Lake Bluff (Lake Bluff 1470). June 14 thru 18.

Pro-Pro. Southmoor country club, Palos Park (Palos Park 777). June 13.

Illinois P.G.A. Medal Play championship. Sportsman Country club, Dundee rd., Northbrook (IN 3-4233). June 27.

harness racing

Sportsman's park. 3301 Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Chicago Downs meet, June 6 thru 30. Post time, 8:30 p.m.

Maywood park. Fifth & North, Melrose park (MA 6-4816). Fox Valley meet thru June 4. 8:30 p.m.

thorobred racing

Washington park. 175th & Halsted, Homewood (HA 7-3181). Balmoral Jockey club meet thru June 8. Post time, Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat. & hol., 1:45 p.m.

Arlington park. Arlington Heights (HA 7-3181). Opens June 20. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat. & hol., 1:45 p.m.

horse shows

Oak Brook Polo club. 31st & Salt Creek, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). June 12 thru 14. Saddle, hunter, jumper and Arabian classes.

South Shore country club. 71st and South Shore dr. (HY 3-8000). June 17 thru 19.

polo

Oak Brook Polo club. Int'l fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Sun. & hol., 3 p.m.

yachting

Michigan City race. Columbia yacht club, foot of Washington st. (AN 3-8111). June 18.

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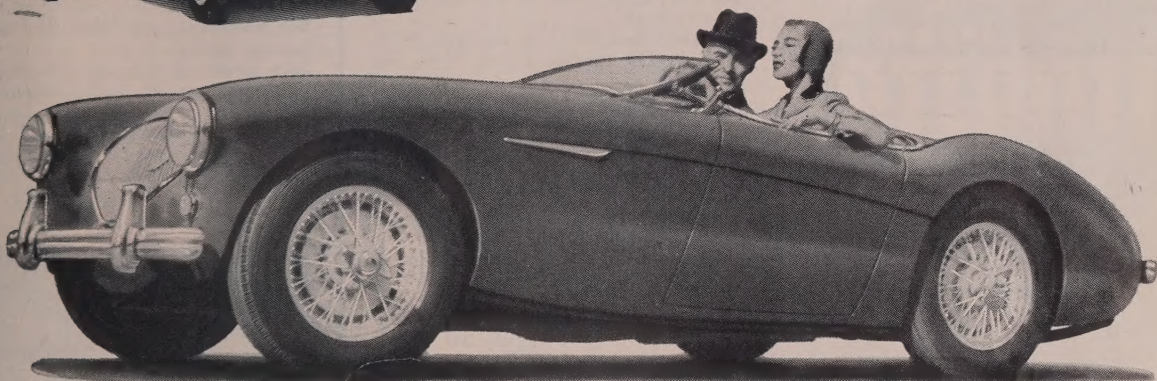
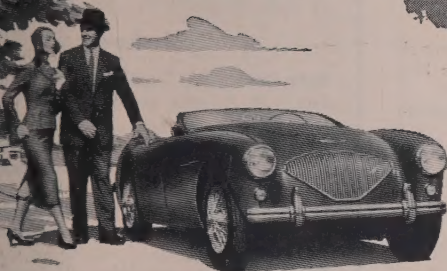
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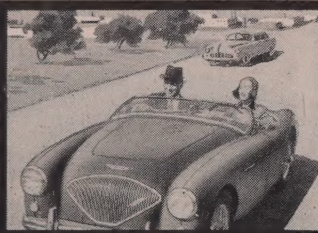
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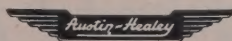
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93 Years



232 S. Michigan — 185 W. Madison

Michigan City to Burnham Park, Burnham Park Yacht club, 1500 Linn White dr. (WE 9-9400). June 19.

Belmont Harbor to Waukegan, Waukegan Yacht club, lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-9303). June 25.

Waukegan to Belmont, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Belmont av. (LA 5-7216). June 26.

TELEVISION

You Are There (5:30 p.m. Sun., Channel 2). A small-screen look at history's big picture.

Jack Benny (6:30 p.m. Sun., 2). Undimmed, the veteran stays magic.

Caesar's Hour (7 p.m. Mon., 5). An untamed comic keeps 'em rolling.

Medic (8 p.m. Mon., 5). Medicine with a highly dramatic and missionary tone.

See It Now (9:30 p.m. Tue., 2). Focus on world affairs.

U.S. Steel Hour (8:30 p.m. alternate Tue., 7), and **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., 5).

In play quality, by and large above and beyond.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). Movies and TV in a near-perfect blend.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., 2). Celebrities at home, attic to cellar.

George Gobel (9 p.m. Sat., 5). Anybody got another award?

Producer's Showcase (7 p.m. June 27, 5). Color theater, with bright-light actors.

local shows

How Does Your Garden Grow? (1 p.m. Sun., 5). A well weeded show, with John Ott.

City Desk (3 p.m. Sun., 5). Keeping tabs on local headlines, sometimes before they happen.

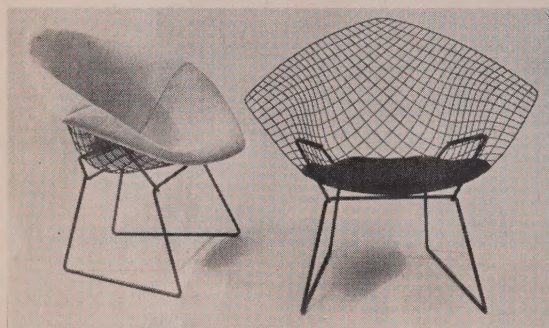
Studs Terkel's Briefcase (10:30 p.m. Sun., 7). Shots in the dark in search of light.

Ken Nordine (11 p.m. Wed., 2). Jazz and tasteful hijinks.

Let's Cook (10 a.m. Sat., 9). Pot and pan instruction for cooks' helpers.

Mr. Wizard (11 a.m. Sat., 5). Don Herbert explores scientific facts with bright assists from the young learning animal.

Operation New Horizons (2 p.m. Sat., 2). Fresh, collegiate and interpretive.



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FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Jack & Jill Players, 25 e. Jackson (WA 2-0317). For children 6 thru 11: "Toby Tyler," June 4, 11 & 18, 4 p.m. For teen-agers: "Anne of Green Gables," June 11 & 18, 7:30 p.m.; June 12 & 19, 4 p.m.; "Two Little Girls in Blue," June 24 & 25, 4 p.m.

museums

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Electric theater stage show, a 40-minute presentation of the wonders of electricity. Demonstrated are such tricks as suspending a metallic dish in mid-air with electromagnets and popping of corn still on the cob and of kernels enclosed in sealed plastic bags. Also demonstrated are man's improvements on nature's own lamp, the firefly, and the world's smallest and largest electric lamps. Show is repeated several times daily, in west wing theater. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Special guide supervised program of movies, lectures and study for classes with teachers 10:30 a.m. For grade 7, "Birds of the Chicago Region," June 6, 7 & 8. Free by reservation only.

Brookfield. 31st at Golfview, Brookfield (HU 5-0263). A rare all-white, blue-eyed spider monkey, a baby Father David deer and a three-year-old panda are a few of the unusual animals on view. The **Children's zoo & farm** has a year-old baby elephant, Kodiak bear cubs, chimpanzees and penguins, as well as many other small denizens which roam about and may be petted and hand-fed. Main zoo free, Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Hawthorn-Melody farms, 3 miles s. of Libertyville on U.S. 21. A children's zoo of 360 animals and birds, including buffalo, guanaco, aoudad, thars, emu, tapirs, chimpanzees, as well as baby animals — rhesus monkeys, buffalo calves, mountain lion cubs, and aoudad lambs. Children may feed goats and lambs which roam around, and pick up and pet smaller animals. Mon.-Sat., 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. to 6 p.m. Adults free Mon., Tue., Thu. & Fri.

Indian Boundary park, 2500 Lunt. A small zoo with a bear, deer and smaller animals and birds. Open daily; free.

Lincoln park, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). The zoo's collection of 2,500 animals includes rare and unusual specimens, as well as many young born to the animals during the winter. Feeding hours: monkey house, 1:30 p.m.; bears, wolves and foxes, 2 p.m.; small



mammal house, 2:30 p.m.; sea lions and otters, 3 p.m.; lion house, 4 p.m. Open daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., Sun. & hol. to 6 p.m. **Zoorookery** (at Fullerton) is a restful rock garden with a large pond where flamingos, cranes, pelicans and wild ducks amuse visitors.

camps

Chicago Camping association, 123 w. Madison (FR 2-6911), gives information on how to select a camp; whether it meets the minimum standards of the National Camping association; fees, and available openings. Included are public and private day camps, private and agency-sponsored resident camps and special service camps for children with heart ailments, diabetes, cerebral palsy, deafness or blindness.

parks day camps

Day camps for children from 7 to 12 are operated in 32 parks by the park district. Moderate fees are charged to cover cost of materials, milk and special trips.

Registration for camp periods, which begin July 5, should be made the last week in June. Call local parks for information.

boating

Rowboats may be rented at Lincoln park lagoon, from 2 to 10 p.m. until June 15, from 10 a.m. thereafter throughout the summer.

golf

Golfers under 16 pay half fee on weekdays and after 4 p.m. on Sat., Sun. & holidays at courses in Lincoln, Jackson and Columbus parks.

fishing

From sunrise to dark at all park lagoons. No license needed by children under 16. Fishing is permitted from banks of lagoons, but not from boats, piers or bridges. Excellent lake piers are at 6900 n. in Loyola park; 1600 and 4600 n. in Lincoln park; 3100 s. in Burnham park; and 5900 and 6300 s. in Jackson park.

softball

City-wide championships. Junior boys (under 15), June 18, 10 a.m., Altgeld park, 515 s. Washtenaw. Junior girls (under 15), June 25, 10 a.m., McKinley park, 2200 Pershing rd.

track & field

Boys' city-wide championships, June 10, 6 p.m., Douglas park, 19th & Albany. Events for midgets, 9 thru 11; juniors, 12 thru 14, and intermediates, 15 thru 17. **Girls' city-wide championships,** June 8,

5 p.m. (rain date, June 9), Douglas park playfield. Events for midgets, 9 thru 11; juniors, 12 thru 14, and unlimited, 15 and over.

NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Arthur Blake, impersonator and



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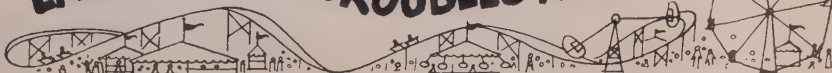
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comedian, plays a return engagement in June. The Three Riffs combo will also be in on the show. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch \$.95-\$2.50; dinner \$2.95-\$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The Calypso Cruise has Tony Roman, Lord Invader, Rita Terma and the Los Velascos trio on board. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). "Spurs 'n Skates," ice revue starring Kathy and Blair, enters its final weeks. Vocals by the Tattlers; Frankie Masters' orchestra. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from \$3.25. \$2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years. Dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing after 9. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). The cuisine is French; the music is Jimmy Blade's. Noon to 3 p.m.; 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$5-\$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Nat King Cole continues thru June 12. Ann Sothern of the mixed mediums opens June 24. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m., shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner \$3.50-\$4.75; \$5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show, dancing & Jack Eigen.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is western style; music by Frank York, his orchestra and fiddle. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.65-\$1.95; dinner \$4.50-\$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Jose Greco and his company of Spanish dancers remain until June 23, then are followed by Dorothy Shay, the Park avenue hill-billy. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from \$4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a steady two-beat for dancers. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from \$3.50.

Mister Kelly's, 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). Audrey Morris continues to sing the best of the show tunes, Jimmy Bowman

plays piano and Buddy Greco arrives for a June engagement of piano and vocalizing. Charcoal-fired steaks are a house speciality. Nightly, 5 to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Ruth Paul is at the piano and singing waiters and waitresses are supplemented by operatic and popular singers. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Polynesian Room, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). South sea decor. Two cuisines—Island Cantonese and Yankee. Two orchestras—Jimmy Pineapple and Henry Brandon. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner \$3.25-\$5.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-

watchers. David Le Winter provides dance music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner. \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra in an Alpine setting; even the maitre d'hotel is Swiss. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$3.50-\$6.

jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). June 2 thru 16, the Modern Jazz quartet—Milt Jackson, vibes; Percy Heath, bass; John Lewis, piano, and Kenny Clark, drums—distills bop to its essence. Clifford Brown on trumpet and Max Roach on drums return June 17. Jam

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Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). June 1 thru 12, the Sauter-Finegan orchestra will experiment with the future; June 15 thru 26, Sarah Vaughan. The big band pattern will be resumed June 29, with Lionel Hampton's group. Food a la carte, \$1.50 to \$3. \$3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Duane Thamm plays vibes and drums with Harry Slottag on piano. Lurlene Hunter and Peggy Taft sing. Dick Marx, piano, and Johnny Frigo, bass, take over on Monday and Tuesday. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). The usual group of experts — Reinhardt, clarinet; Marsala, trumpet; Hook, piano; Graves, trombone, and Cenardo, drums — sound off with the old and dear from Dixie. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. \$2 min. Unescorted women not admitted.

EATING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). Excellent inexpensive food, efficiently served in a big, old-fashioned room. German food and dark beer are specialties. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch from \$.75; dinner from \$1.25.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace has a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters.



Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 to 1:30; Sun., 3:30 to 10. Dinner \$2.50-\$5.

Poston Oyster house, Morrison hotel, 79 w. Madison (FR 2-9600). Sea food is served, as are other Yankee favorites, and the summer menu includes a fisherman's plate with things like cold crab flakes and smoked salmon. Daily, noon to 10:30 p.m. Lunch from \$1; dinner from \$2.25.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). Sea food that compares with the best served in salt water ports. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea

around you atmosphere. Also German dishes. A la carte from \$1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food in generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$2.50-\$5.

Italian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE 2-9192). Good Italian-American food is served in this upstairs spot with stars on the ceiling. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner \$2-\$4.50.

Ivanhoe, 3000 n. Clark (GR 2-2777). Medieval gimmicks don't disturb efficient service. The menu is good; cocktails are served in the wine cellar. 5 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat. to 4 a.m. Dinner \$3-\$5.

Jules, 814 w. 71st (AB 4-1652). French recipes from generations long gone are served with distinction in this South Side restaurant. Noon to 3 p.m., 4:30 to midnight; closed Tue. Lunch \$1-\$1.50; dinner \$1.85-\$4.

Le Petit Gourmet, 619 n. Michigan (DE 7-9701). Patio or indoor dining from a menu of adequate scope. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner from \$2.10.

Le Provencal, 1450 e. 57th (NO 7-9669). A new French restaurant where excellent entrees are cooked to order. Salads are served after the main course and in turn followed by delicate desserts and coffee concoctions. 1:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.; closed Wed. Dinner \$1.50-\$3.50.

Lotus Room, La Salle hotel, La Salle & Madison (FR 2-0700). John Martyn Paul provides piano background for dinner and supper. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch \$1.30-\$1.95; dinner \$2.50-\$4.75.

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chicken curry are featured. Luncheon
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Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-
5580). The Sirloin room specializes in
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Vogue Tap Room & Grill, 3808 Broad-
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Allgauer's Fireside, 7200 Lincoln, Lin-
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Dinner from \$2.50.

Al Knapp's, 1052 Indianapolis blvd. (U.S.
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sleeve atmosphere in which sea food,
lake perch or steaks come with gener-
ous side dishes. Noon to 11 a.m.; closed
Sun. Dinner from \$2.25.

Colonial Homestead, 9101 Waukegan
rd., Morton Grove (OR 3-3780). Good
food in a friendly, relaxing atmosphere.
Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1-\$2.50; dinner
\$2.50-\$4.50, mainly a la carte.

Fanny's 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR
5-8686). Spaghetti, fried chicken and
other dishes all live up to their wide-
spread fame. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.;
Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.
House of Jean, 209 e. Chicago, Elgin
(Elgin 3932). A surprising locale in
which to find really good Cantonese
food. Daily, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Food a la
carte, \$.75-\$2.50.

Klas Restaurant, 5734 Cermak, Cicero
(OL 2-0759). A substantial bit of old
Bohemia, with waitresses in native cos-
tume and excellent food. 11:30 a.m. to
2 a.m. Dinner from \$2.25.

Milk Pail, Route 25 near East Dundee
(Elgin 5112). Favorite stop for country-
side explorers and lovers of fish, fowl
and game. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sun., 10
a.m. to 9 p.m.; closed Mon. Lunch
\$1.40-\$2.25; dinner \$2.30-\$4.75.

Mathon's, 6 Clayton st. at the lake front,
Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout and
other fresh fish are brought in daily by
boats. Also sea food, steaks, chops and
chicken. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1.25-
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Yesteryear, Harrison at the river. Kan-
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West of the Water Tower

The presidential piano tuner

It was dark and quiet on the mezzanine lobby of the Hotel Sherman on the morning of the day Harry Truman was to address the Decalogue Society of Lawyers. The thin sound of a piano being plinked came from a rear corner of the grand ballroom.

The plinker was not Truman, who at that moment was in a bright, noisy room across the hall holding a press conference. It was Ed Stelling, an elderly, spry little man who tunes all of the hotel's pianos.

He stood in shirtsleeves before a Baldwin grand. His coat, suit jacket, hat and tool case were piled on a chair nearby. He played a gay little tune, listening carefully to the tones, and said, "I think he'll probably play that one," pointing to another grand up near the speakers table.

Stelling plinked some more and added, "They ought to give him this one; this is a good instrument."

He went around behind the piano and pushed forward on the lid, which was lying diagonally across the top. "Got to get a couple pins in here before Harry gets hurt tonight," he said. "They keep taking 'em out and they just throw 'em away."

Stelling acknowledged that this was hardly his debut as a celebrity piano tuner. "I've tuned them for Victor Borge and Carmen Cavallero and a lot of other names at the Chicago theater," he pointed out. "I tuned one here for Liberace, and I used to tune them for all the big bands at the old [College] inn. I tune the ones in this room whenever they need it. Those in the Celtic cafe and the other entertainment places have to be tuned regularly every week.

"I used to play trumpet with my

own band. I'm the guy who brought Danny Thomas to Chicago at the old 5100 club on Broadway."

Stelling is a family man, he said, with five grandchildren. He lives in a new subdivision up near Grays Lake.

"I've been working with pianos since 1911," he admitted. "We buy 'em and rebuild 'em and refinish 'em — everything."

He put on his suit coat, picked up the tool case, smiled and said, "Well, that's four already this morning."

At 10:30 that night Harry Truman joined Bess in a limousine waiting to take them to the Kansas City train. As he stepped in, he confessed that he hadn't played a piano all day.

It is written

On the wall of a tavern in the Montrose avenue live bait district: "Fishermen don't die. They just smell that way."

The case of the missing eclipses

The only eclipse in town this year is taking place at the Adler Planetarium, which has extinguished all of the celestial bodies in its lecture chamber. The lake front institution, first of its kind in the United States, is celebrating its 25th anniversary by replacing the original cloth sky with an aluminum one and bringing up to date the city profile at the base of the heavens. The work is to be completed in time for a June reopening.

During the hiatus Albert Shatzel, assistant director of the inverted bowl,

spent an afternoon talking about the kind of eclipses that aren't happening here in 1955 but do in most years.

Shatzel is a pleasant, straightforward talker with bushy eyebrows and wavy hair who looks about 40. He sat at a desk below a lifetime calendar with removable date charts. He wore an off-white sport shirt with a garish tie. Before getting into the subject of eclipses and the absence thereof, he discussed more pressing problems with a little girl named Cecily who had blue jeans, a pony tail, a blue shirt with short sleeves, a blue zipper jacket, saddle shoes, chewing gum and a veritable galaxy of freckles. Shatzel gave her detailed instructions for reaching a store in the Loop where she could buy poster board for use in making an exhibit for a science fair.

"She's about 12," he said after Cecily had gone. "She's a Junior Astronomer, from Oak Park. We have about 150 of them who work in the lab here."

Shatzel then took up the dark of the moon and the sun, referring from time to time to books which predict the paths and schedules of eclipses.

"There's a very good eclipse of the sun in the Philippines this year," he pointed out. "It lasts seven and a half minutes, which is the maximum possible time."

The biggest thing in eclipses around here in recent years, he added, was a solar one that took place June 30, 1954. "It was only 80 per cent here but it was total in Wisconsin and everybody went dashing up there to see it. The next good eclipse here will be a lunar one on November 18, 1956. The middle will occur at an excellent time, right around midnight."

Cecily returned at this point and announced that a smear that had been on her telescope mirror was now gone. "That's what I like to hear,"

Shatzel. She went back to the lab. On March 7, 1951, Shatzel died, there was an annular eclipse of the sun that was partially visible. An annular eclipse, he elaborated, takes place when the moon is relatively far from the earth and the sun is comparatively close. Under these circumstances the apparent size of the moon is less than that of the sun so the latter body cannot be entirely obscured at any time. Instead, at the middle of the eclipse the sun forms a ring of light around the moon. The paths of eclipses can be figured out an infinite time in the future and past," Shatzel said, "but if you want to know about them to the second, you have to stay within the next couple of hundred years. Theoretically you can go as far forward or backward as you want to, but the further you go the more complex the calculations become. It's something like working to more and more decimal places."

He then produced a volume which gives precise information on all eclipses between 1207 B.C. and 2161 A.D. This source documented his assertion that nobody has ever seen a total eclipse of the sun in the city of Chicago, nor will any of its present residents see one without going somewhere else.

On July 7, 1442, a solar eclipse passed thru Evanston and was visible in total form on part of the North Side. Twenty-seven years before the city was incorporated, on June 16, 1866, one went right thru the center of what was to be town. The next total solar eclipse will pass about 100 miles south of here on August 11, 2017. But the real thing won't come along again until September 14, 2099, when an eclipse will center over Gary and be totally visible on the far South Side.

As Shatzel was about to pass on, during lunar eclipses, the phone rang and he assured the caller that the moon rotates as it revolves around the earth. When an eclipse of the moon occurs, Shatzel pointed out, when the satellite is on the opposite side of the earth from the sun and thus goes into the earth's shadow, where it gets no light to reflect back this way. There are more lunar eclipses than solar ones, but many more people see the former. An eclipse of the moon can be observed by residents of the entire half of the earth on its side. But a solar eclipse describes only a relatively

narrow path, its total phase being but a few miles wide.

The entire length of a lunar eclipse is about four hours and a solar one takes a little longer. However, the moon can be totally obscured for an hour and four minutes, while the sun is never entirely hidden for more than an eighth of an hour.

While Shatzel was making these comparisons a woman came in and asked if she might look thru a telescope. He reminded her that there is nothing to see in the heavens during the day and suggested that she come back after dark some night.

"There are from two to seven eclipses visible somewhere every year," he continued. "If the minimum number occur, they will both be solar. The possible range is two to five for the sun and none to three for the moon. So if seven occur, they will be either five solar and two lunar or four solar and three lunar. Of course there are also two penumbral eclipses of the moon every year, but we don't bother with them very much. They occur when the moon doesn't go into the earth's actual shadow but passes thru the semi-dark space around it. At these times you can see the moon but it isn't as bright as usual. Several months ago a lot of people called us on a penumbral eclipse."

Cecily came back into the room and told Shatzel she had only 34 cents. He lent her another 15 so she could buy the poster board and still get back to Oak Park.

Quote of the month

A stripper-B girl to a sanctimonious conventioner who asked her why she was in that field: "It keeps me off the street."



Truth is stranger than science fiction

A businessman of this city got on a plane to Boston with a camera in a leather case slung from his arm. His seatmate looked at him, then at the case, and said, "Geiger counter, eh?"

The palace of the fallen emperor

Every day thousands of commuters on the Illinois Central pass thru the shadow of one of the most puzzling and least useful pieces of architecture in town. Just to the west of the tracks at 40th street rises a 150-foot steel tower that has no physical function, but serves as a kind of monument to older generation enterprise, younger generation profligacy, two world's fairs, one of history's longest non-fatal leaps and enough lawsuits to support half the members of the Chicago Bar association in the manner to which they are always becoming accustomed.

The tower stands at 4044 Oakenwald on the east end of a long, narrow lot that runs thru to Lake Park. On the west end, at 4043 Lake Park, a three-story mansion with a Victorian spire on top was built in 1891 by Dr. Alfred Strickland. A year later it was sold to Washington Porter, a businessman with a Midas touch who was serving as chairman of the finance committee for the forthcoming World's Columbian exposition.

Porter was in the process of becoming a multi-millionaire by creating new economic demands and then providing the supplies needed to meet them. He introduced California oranges to the world east of the Rockies and had a monopoly on their shipment for 20 years. Then he started similar traffic in Central American bananas. With the proceeds he purchased real estate in the Loop and in the Kenwood area near his new home.

In 1893, the year the exposition opened, a second Washington Porter was born, one who was to display few of his father's strengths but many of his weaknesses. The chief paternal shortcoming was a promiscuous and insatiable appetite for art objects. His first major indulgence in this vice came at the close of the exposition,



Kiosk building, Washington Porter's intricate monument to the squandering of inherited wealth, stands hard by the Illinois Central tracks at 40th street, but few commuters get more than brief glimpse. View above is from tower to second-floor dance terrace.

Porter gave lavish parties in Kiosk. At one of the last, invited royalty didn't show up, so the host sat in throne reserved for them (left). His leaning toward Egyptian art extended even to pyramid shaped delicacies at fetes.



In trash-littered sunken garden at front of Kiosk, two dilapidated chairs keep position for an intimate tete-a-tete.

when he bought scores of pieces from the Russian and Chinese buildings and began decorating the mansion with them. In later years he traveled abroad collecting more works of art — metal, glassware, china and marble from every country in Europe and the Near East — until the house seemed filled to capacity. Visitors reported that vases and statuettes lined the walls six rows deep in some places and made it difficult to get in and out.

Young Porter spent his childhood in these surroundings and then matriculated at Yale, where he received his degree in 1915. Then he joined his father in the real estate business and the art collecting avocation. The mansion groaned with treasures and trifles.

In 1918 Washington Porter II was appointed secretary to the American legation in Denmark, a post he held for less than a year. He returned to Copenhagen in 1919, ostensibly for vacation, but startled his parents and local society in general by bringing back a connubial art object named Signe Dorothea Berg-Hansen. The new Mrs. Porter's father was a colonel in the Danish army and one of the country's social and civic leaders.

This marriage, the only one young Porter was ever to undertake, lasted two years. Possibly crowded out of the house by the art collection, Signe returned to her parents in 1921 and Porter obtained a divorce a year later. In 1922 his father died and left him two-thirds of an estate valued as high as 40 million dollars.

Once in possession of the bulk of his father's wealth, the heir accelerated the already dizzy pace of family art hoarding. His mother, a retiring woman who still lived in the 19th century, reported that her son bought thousands of art objects every year that he seemed to have a "mania

By 1928 the mansion simply would not hold any more treasures, so Porter turned his mind and his purse to the problem. He conceived the idea of erecting on the Oakenwald end of the property a building which would be an artistic marvel in itself, as well as a repository for the overflow from the museum in which the family somehow found living space.

To make sure that the new building would have no peer in the New World, Porter designed it himself, giving it a strong accent of the Egyptian art which was his particular favorite. He engaged an architect to translate his ideas to working draught-

s, and the long job of erecting the "Sphinx Kiosk" began. As many as 100 workmen were on the premises at a time during the next few years, cutting irregular pieces of stone, working with wrought iron and colored glass and, of course, erecting the high, angular tower at the entrance.

Work on the Kiosk was slowed but not halted by the depression, which brought Porter into the halls of justice for the first time. Washington Porter I had been little more than a playboy in brushes with the law. His most notable one came in 1914 when he was arrested for being the owner of a property at Clark and Chestnut where a brothel was being operated and disguised as a hotel. Porter admitted that he didn't know about the illicit enterprise, but the judge pointed out that he had owned the property for years and gave him the minimum penalty of a \$200 fine.

With only this slight paternal example to follow, young Porter began in 1932 a procession in and out of court rooms that was almost continuous for the next twelve years.

At his first appearance before the bar in the role of defendant in a suit brought by his mother to recover a million dollars she said he had swindled from her by getting her to sign papers she didn't understand. She decided to bring suit, she told the court, after her son told her to move out of the mansion because she no longer owned it.

A COURT RULED in favor of Mrs. Porter in 1933, the same year that her son, Frederick, died in an air crash. The mother's suit led to two more court actions involving Porter. In 1932 he reported that \$10,000 worth of silverware was missing from the mansion and had the police arrest the family's veteran maid, who had conspired with his mother in the battle over the alleged swindle.

One piece of the silverware was found in the maid's home on Greenwood Avenue, the rest of it in a chest in the mansion. After the maid had been acquitted, she brought a \$10,000 false arrest suit against Porter, charging that he had planted the silver piece in her home in an effort to frame her. A jury awarded her a \$10,000 judgement in 1935.

The law suits growing from the family disputes brought Mrs. Porter out of the mansion, where she had been living as a recluse since her husband's

death. She appeared in court wearing long skirts, high laced boots and a poke bonnet. Servants said she and her son lived in the house together from 1932 to 1935 without speaking.

In 1934 Porter became involved in several brand-new legal actions and opened the Kiosk in time for the second year of the Century of Progress exposition.

A woman in St. Louis sued him for the return of a \$10,000 loan she said had been made on the basis of a promise of marriage. This battle was in the courts until 1940, when the parties agreed on a financial settlement.

The \$350,000 Kiosk was opened with a big party on May 23, but not before a New York firm had obtained a \$95.10 judgment against Porter for non-payment of a bill for 25 gallons of fruit juice. Porter insisted that the beverage was sour when he got it.

Altho Porter later came to travel largely in bohemian circles, he was still very much a socialite in 1934, and the cream of the *haute monde* attended the benefit opening the Kiosk. They drank champagne from silver chalices studded with gems, danced on an open terrace adjoining the main salon, saw a cabaret show and ate a midnight supper. They walked thru sunken gardens and watched cascades of water tumbling from spouts 42 feet up on the tower into a star-shaped pool in a sub-surface grotto surrounded by cloisters.

Porter called the Kiosk a "little world's fair" and described its architecture as "Egyptian with a touch of Italian Renaissance." He added with characteristic modesty that, "All the old emperors had their kiosks and now I have mine."

The Kiosk, just visible to I. C. riders, measures 115 feet east and west and 40 feet north and south. In profile it is wedge-shaped, with five levels at the west end. The sunken gardens and cloisters intervene between the basement level and the tower.

Not the least marvelous feature of the building when it opened was the electrical system. Every floor had scores of light fixtures, and colored lamps played on the exterior waterfalls.

Toward the rear there was a well running thru the building so guests could look down on a fountain in the basement. The chandelier over the well had been made originally for the presidential palace in Cuba. There



Washington Porter in familiar surroundings — on the stand in court.

were an apartment for Porter's personal use on the fourth floor and quarters for his male secretary on the fifth.

The tower rising above the gateway to the Kiosk was intended as an observation post from which Porter's guests could look at the World's Fair. Plans called for covering the steel framework with limestone to make a huge obelisk. On the equilateral triangle at the top would lie a 15 by 15 foot Sphinx made mostly of glass. But the stone had been installed only to the 42-foot level when the Kiosk opened, and it never got higher. Nor did the glass sphinx ever materialize.

By 1935 the value of the Kiosk and the art objects it contained was estimated at two million dollars. Porter's mother died that year, leaving a third of her personal estate to her son and two-thirds to his only sister, Mrs. Pauline Porter Muirhead White.

For the next few years Porter frittered away his declining fortune on lavish costume parties and made frequent trips to court to fight law suits and traffic charges.

Thruout the thirties Porter had been defaulting on the very substantial personal property tax levies against his art collection. In 1939 the court ordered a sheriff's sale of the Kiosk and the mansion, the first here in 20 years, to pay part of the delinquent taxes.

The real estate was purchased for \$17,500 by Mrs. Frank G. Logan, a wealthy North Shore art patron and friend of Porter's family. She explained that she bought it only to keep it for "Wash" until he could get back on his feet financially. The Lakeside Galleries Corp. was formed with Mrs. Logan as president and Porter as one of the officers.

By 1940 Porter's financial troubles



Mack Bryant, present owner of Kiosk property.

had compelled him to dispose of some of the art work in the Kiosk. The sheriff then sold the rest of it, and Mrs. Logan again stepped in to make the purchase.

Fiscal disaster had enveloped Porter almost completely by 1941, but he continued to try living like a kiosk owner. He was abetted in this project by his new secretary, 20-year-old Robert McDonald, who had lessons to teach his middle-aged boss in the art of flamboyant behavior.

Porter gave one of his last big parties in the Kiosk on Easter in 1941. It was announced as a gala egg roll with caviar and fine wine, and members of European royalty among the guests. The weather was bitter cold and the building was unheated. Floral displays decked the Kiosk and a throne had been prepared for occupancy by the crowned heads. But neither Easter eggs nor caviar forthcame, and the guests were given cheap dinner wine in the chalices that had once held imported champagne.

PORTER AND McDONALD made their entrance carrying canes and wearing top hats and tails above socks with clocks and dirty old shoes. Porter discoursed at length on his days as "ambassador to Copenhagen." When the distinguished guests failed to appear, he occupied the throne himself.

Mrs. Logan was getting weary of Porter's antics by this time and she locked him out of the mansion. But one day he stormed the place when he learned that the Lakeside Galleries Corp. was selling some of its art collection. He moved into the building along with McDonald and another young friend and placed a sign on the door reading: "A man's house is his castle. So, enough said. No admit-

tance to anyone except by my order. Washington Porter."

Early in 1942 Porter filed a futile suit charging Mrs. Logan with illegally taking possession of the mansion and the Kiosk. When he failed to appear in court to make a deposition, he was cited for contempt. Police found him in McDonald's apartment on east Delaware. He made an excuse to go to the kitchen and when the officers looked in a moment later the room was on fire and Porter had been overcome by smoke. He was revived and taken to jail, where he served a two-day sentence. The judge ignored his plea for appointment of a goldfish guardian to take care of three pets named Genevieve, Gwendolyn and Butch.

Altho the art had all been removed from the Kiosk by now, there was still a considerable supply in the mansion. While Porter was traveling in the West, looting of the premises began, with a few adults and many children participating. The vandalism reached a climax when 200 youngsters made a mass raid and carried off nearly everything that was left. Police were called but the kids scooted out windows and ran off, none of them being caught. A little boy was seen running away with a Medusa almost his own size, and a girl about ten made her way over a fence despite the encumbrance of several layers of Victorian clothing.

Several charges of writing worthless checks and obtaining free hotel rent were brought against Porter and McDonald during 1943. The first such incident provided the climax of McDonald's career as a public figure. One day in May police were looking for him and Porter in connection with various fraud charges. Unable to find Porter, they learned that he was in jail in Jacksonville, Florida, on a similar rap. However, they did catch up with McDonald, who was visiting his lawyers in their offices on the 14th floor of the First National Bank building.

Informed that he was under arrest, McDonald, who stood six feet four and weighed 240 pounds, broke away and hurled himself out a window into the building's interior court. He landed on the fourth story skylight over the banking floor, scattering glass over scores of customers but injuring nobody but himself. Then, altho he had several broken bones, he got up and walked along a

girder to the waiting arms of the police.

By July McDonald was back on his feet, Porter had returned from Florida and both were again booked on charges of evading hotel bills. They infuriated the judge by sending a lawyer to court but failing to make personal appearances. In October the cavaliers were again arrested for passing checks on non-existent bank accounts.

Early in 1944 the pair severed relations, but they were destined for one more joint exploit that summer before the final dissolution of their vaudeville team. Porter was now living in Rogers Park and he met McDonald accidentally one night in the lobby of the Edgewater Beach hotel. Both were packing substantial alcoholic loads. McDonald told Porter he owed him money, they scuffled, were ejected from the hotel and arrested. At their trial the judge counseled both to consult psychiatrists. Whether they did so or not is unknown, but both did leave town not long after that and have been off the local police blotters for the past decade. People who knew them believe that Porter is now living in California and McDonald in Connecticut.

Porter was not to abandon his Kiosk permanently without leaving a legal tangle by which he could be remembered. On June 9, 1944, acting as an officer of the Lakeside Galleries Corp., he gave a lease on the mansion and the Kiosk to Mack Bryant, a South Side steel worker, with an option to buy the properties within five years. But on November 16 of the same year Porter gave a deed to the property to a Miss Myrtle Wall of Wisconsin, who was acting as nominee for other business interests. She sued to obtain the premises from Bryant. The case was in court for three and a half years and on March 25, 1948, Bryant's option was ruled valid. On appeal the Illinois Supreme court upheld that verdict and on April 29, 1949, Bryant obtained a deed to the property.

Immediately after that the Kiosk Building Corp. was organized as proprietor of the real estate, with ownership divided equally among Bryant, his partner in the venture, Steel Smith and the law firm which had represented Bryant.

In July, 1950, a new legal battle began. Smith attempted to sell the property and, it was charged in court, forged Bryant's name to a deed. Th

corporation sued Smith and the would-be buyer. On Oct. 15, 1954, the court ruled that the deed was legal and that the corporation had clear title to the property.

Ten years after he had become interested in the buildings "just because he was looking for a place to live," Bryant found himself, as active head of the corporation, out of the legal angle but faced with a big job of restoration. In December, 1944, a fire had heavily damaged the upper floors of the mansion, adding to the havoc wreaked over the years by vandals and vagrants who used it as a home.

This spring, however, the building was ready for use again. Bryant, his wife, Esther, and their five small children, who have been living in a little apartment at 43rd and Berkeley, will soon move into the mansion. And leases have already been signed for several of the apartments that have been created on the upper floors.

The Kiosk building is surrounded by a high cyclone fence. A padlocked gate closes off the tower stairway at the 42-foot level. The Kiosk is sturdy and its walls have survived years of neglect almost perfectly.

Apart from its basic integrity, however, it is a real mess. Nearly every window is broken. Two big chandeliers made of hanging strips of glass will depend from the ceiling in the main floor salon. But all the other light fixtures are gone, with stubs of wire marking their former positions in the walls. A few hexagons and columns of black marble lie on the basement floor and a series of Egyptian murals arches over one doorway. The lower floor also contains a couple of broken pianos and a row of huge watersoaked sofas along one wall.

Floors thruout the building are littered with broken chairs and fragments of glass, books and magazines. Scattered around the main room on the second floor are several pairs of shoes and a couple of dainty feminine undergarments.

Paradoxically, the grotto below the tower still nourishes a fine crop of grass and a number of handsome evergreen trees.

The corporation has no present plans for restoration of the Kiosk, the cost of making it useful being prohibitive. "At first I wanted to fix it up as a big night club," Bryant said. Now I don't know just what I'll do with it, but some day I'm going to make something out of it."



Building, that cost \$350,000 more than 20 years ago, now is a mess. Panes thruout are smashed and the interior is a shambles of broken glass, furniture and other debris. Doorway to a basement room (upper right) still shows the Egyptian accent Porter gave his design for the building. Vestiges of elegance in main salon (center) are glass-fringed chandeliers and wrought iron railings which encircled floor wells that gave view of fountain and aquarium. Brick railing to dance terrace has crumbled somewhat but, on the whole, the ghostly building's walls are still sound.



Picture credits, pages 18-21 (left to right, top to bottom): 18, Russell V. Hamm (2), International News Photos (2), Hamm; 19, INF; 20, Don Bronstein; 21, Hamm.

The Boss of Bronzeville

Richard J. Daley accomplished several things by getting himself nominated for, and elected as, the city's mayor earlier this year. One of the less official and perhaps less deliberate feats was pulling William Levi Dawson from the periphery of local politics and establishing him overtly as one of the major bosses of the last old-style metropolitan political machine.

Demonstration is just as powerful

a fact in politics as it is in mathematics, and for the same reason — it shows prowess with numbers. Dawson demonstrated his prowess when he "delivered" five wards (2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th and 20th), for the Democratic party's regular organization candidate. Their votes provided 45 per cent of Daley's margin over Martin Kennelly in the Democratic primary and 39 per cent of his edge over Robert E.

Merriam in the election.

A precinct captain in his own ward, Dawson is also a representative in Congress. In Washington, far from being controversial, he is almost universally admired. The two William Dawsons are viewed here by a local newspaperman who has closely observed the Negro community and by a correspondent who has followed his career on Capitol Hill.

by Fletcher Martin

The boss of Bronzeville has been described in less polite terms — for example, as a "protector of rackets" and as a "ruthless, dogmatic, overbearing" politician. In return, Dawson has made it clear that he doesn't give a damn what he is called by reformers so long as he gets the votes. As a politician, he is out to win and he goes about winning methodically, stolidly, with no divagation.

Dawson is a precinct captain, ward committeeman, vice-chairman of the Cook County Democratic committee, Congressman for the 1st district, and vice-chairman of the Democratic National committee. As Congressman, he heads the important Committee on Government Operations and is a member of the District of Columbia committee, which is effectively the governing body of the city of Washington.

Some persons pretty close to Dawson claim he is egocentric, arrogant, a man of terrible vanity. Admirers say he has to walk with a swagger and possess the air of someone who

knows where he's heading, or be trampled down in his own tough neighborhood.

The Congressman, a balding, mustached 69-year-old, has a football player's shape, size and manners. He prefers conservative double-breasted suits with slightly draped jackets, and generally wears a large bow tie.

An illuminating comment about Dawson is that his nervous energy leaves an unforgettable impression on those around him. He is constantly in motion at his second floor offices in the renovated old Grand Terrace ballroom, 315 east 35th.

Here he seems one brisk, blurred movement, swinging into position in his ancient swivel chair to grasp a constantly ringing telephone. His side of the conversation usually consists of a series of staccato "yesses" and "noes" and a hang up with never a "good-bye."

Usually seated some distance from the telephone, Dawson gives himself a gentle shove and taxis into position at the desk. It saves getting up — an effort since he lost his left leg in a train accident in the twenties and wears an artificial one.

Almost always he refers to himself

in the third person.

"Citizenship is not Dawson's responsibility alone," he said during the campaign.

And, while briefly commenting on his tireless and most severe critics — the Chicago metropolitan newspapers:

"The newspapers want to blame Dawson for policy — for simply everything that is wrong on the South Side."

He seldom reads Chicago newspapers, he said, because "they never have anything good to say about Dawson no matter what he does."

But his voice held faint traces of hurt provoked by their constant nudging and prodding of him during the campaign. Dawson is a proud man who dislikes public ridicule.

A bead was drawn on him by the newspapers after he was accused of triggering the political coup that dumped Mayor Kennelly as organization candidate. The Congressman was a member of the 13-man Democratic slatemaking committee that picked Daley, their chairman and county clerk. Weeks before the organization decided to dump Kennelly discussion among party leaders centered on the topic: "Dawson won't take Kennelly."

to a power in Washington



"Congressman Dawson stated that there are gambling places within his ward from which he does not hesitate to take money for political purposes . . ."

— Virgil W. Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime commission, in 1954 annual report.

"Bill Dawson is one of the best legislators and grandest men I've ever met." — Congressman John McCormack of Massachusetts, Democrat, majority leader of the House of Representatives.

As soon as the "dump" was accomplished, the newspapers opened their barrage. A ceaseless fire of stinging accusations was directed at the South Side boss. Reporters known for their ferret-like thoroughness tracked every lead and designed to upturn any connection between Dawson and the rackets. A report of the Chicago Crime Commission was cited. In it Virgil W. Peterson, operating director of the agency, told of an interview with Dawson in 1948. He reported that Dawson had admitted taking money for political purposes from gambling establishments in the 2nd ward. During the interview, Peterson said, the Congressman produced a batch of arrest slips relating to persons arrested for gambling. "Dawson described the persons arrested as 'laborers and clerks,'" Peterson said, "and referred to policy as a 'poor man's game.'"

Dawson vigorously denied the commission's accusations. He said, "The charge that I took political contributions from gamblers carries the annotation that I was in a position to give them protection. I have never been in a position to give gamblers protection. That is the province of the mayor and the police commissioner.

If the police commissioner doesn't want gambling, there can be no gambling."

The Congressman said he didn't even remember talking to Peterson. "If I made such a statement in 1948," he demanded, "why didn't they publish it in 1948 or 1951? They had a mayoral election in 1951, too."

Political opponents cited Dawson's record of high absenteeism in Congress. Supporters attributed it to the fact that he spends at least two weeks a month in Chicago, "keeping in touch with the people." They also cited his contention that usually a Congressman can get more done in committee than on the house floor.

Leaks from the City Council Crime committee were said to reveal that

Dawson's private phone in Washington had been called by Capone racketeers. (This information is believed to have been obtained by federal wiretappers who were investigating income tax returns). Dawson replied that he talks to anyone who calls him, and that there was no evidence of wrongdoing as a result of the calls.

It was recalled that his former secretary had been indicted and tried in the big post office scandal a few years ago.

Callous, calculating, dedicated to the rule of power politics, the antagonists labeled Dawson.

"Not so," declared the magazines and newspapers in Bronzeville.

He is a "deeply religious, home-loving man who would rather put a Nat Cole record on his turntable and curl up with a book than appear on a TV program," according to an article in the January issue of *Ebony*.

In defense of his treatment of Kennelly, the Chicago edition of the *Pittsburgh Courier* said:

"The 'smear' campaign which Mayor Martin H. Kennelly used against Congressman William L. Dawson in the mayor's attempt to beat the Democratic machine in the primary back-

fired and plunged him into defeat."

Said the *Chicago Defender*: "Five South Side wards in which Congressman William L. Dawson is strongest gave Richard J. Daley almost half of his 100,054 plurality [in the primary]."

This means, declared the newspaper in a front page editorial: "The Negro voter has become enormously powerful and politically mature. He has learned to reward his friends and punish his enemies."

How did Dawson become one of the real political powers of Chicago and the nation?

Possibly the location of his headquarters gives a clue. Situated in the heart of Bronzeville, where the smell of smoked pork on the spit stifles the air and jukebox music wails the

lieve you can find it any place else in the country."

"One of the Chicago newspapers termed me a mystery man," Dawson continued. "Any of those people out there in the hall can come in and see me by merely telling the girl on the desk that he wants to see me."

Born in Albany, Georgia, in April, 1886, Dawson worked his way thru Fisk university at Nashville, Tenn., was graduated magna cum laude. Then he made application to Harvard medical school, but switched to law as a quicker means to an end: money to educate brothers and sisters he left behind in Georgia. Dawson arrived in Chicago in 1912 and cast his first vote the same year. He attended Kent College of Law several semesters, then registered as a second year student at Northwestern university in October, 1915. Dawson waited tables at hotels and served some of the same people he would meet in class the following day.

During World War I, he enlisted in the army altho he was over draft age, and rose from private to 1st lieutenant in the infantry before being gassed and wounded.

Dawson returned to Northwestern in September, 1919—registering as a third year student and a candidate for the degree of bachelor of laws. However, he was not graduated with his class because, he says, he was in California on the day the ceremonies were held.

Records in the office of the clerk of the Supreme court in Springfield show that Dawson signed his attorney's oath April 13, 1920, after having passed the bar examination.

His first political venture was as a precinct helper of Crip Woods, a blind Negro leader of one Republican faction in the old 14th ward. Later he moved to the 2nd ward, where he still lives in a two-story, two flat building at 3725 Lake Park. In a few years he had become a familiar figure among residents of the crouching slums on the South Side. "The Man," as they came to call him, represented them in court, joined them in gospel music on Sundays, and talked politics with them every day of every week. During election campaigns he works 18 to 20 hours a day for several weeks.

It's understandable that Dawson is looked upon as leader by the thousands of people who vote as he suggests.

He was politically astute enough, first, to put his office in their laps—and he is still available. Availability is an important asset for a politician on the South Side.

"If you represent a people, you ought to see them, know what is on

their minds," Dawson said.

The most deadly criticism made of Ald. Archibald J. Carey (3rd) in the aldermanic election was, "He isn't available when we need him." Ralph H. Metcalfe, 3rd ward democratic committeeman who ousted Carey, hammered home this theme.

It is widely known that Carey was one of the council's ablest exponents of clean, honest and effective government—"but he's got his office in the Loop and you can't get a-hold of him when you want him. He's in New York or Washington or somewhere when you want him. We need an alderman who's going to be right here," Metcalfe argued.

MANY VOTERS in the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th and 20th wards are immigrants from the deep South. In other words, a few years or decades ago they were political non-entities in the one-party system back home.

Once here in this port of political freedom, there was no barrier based on race to their voting. It's not surprising that the 1st district has figured in the election of three of the five Negro congressmen in recent years.

Dawson started whipping his machine together back in the early thirties, when times were lean and the Communist party was making its boldest bid to the South Side unemployed. There developed a bare-knuckled fight between them and Dawson.

"My argument was simple," Dawson said, "but it holds good to this day. I argued day and night that we had power in our numbers. One Negro calling on the mayor would mean absolutely nothing. If we could build a big enough force to become a factor in an election, they would have to reckon with us."

It was because of this conviction that he never relinquished his post of precinct captain: "No job in the party is more important."

The big accomplishment of Dawson's career has been molding Chicago Negroes into an effective political force for the first time. This has gained him the respect of many members of the community who may not often agree with his political stands. The big margins for Daley in both the primary and the election occurred despite relatively light turnouts of the voters in Dawson's wards. Some observers believe this represented a protest by those who, not wishing to vote Dawson's way, stayed home because they regarded as a race libel the fact that he and his neighborhood were made "the issue" in the campaign.

Dawson was elected to the GOP State Central committee in 1930,



day long, his office is within easy reach of people who want to catch the ear of the precinct captain-ward committeeman-Congressman.

From his window he can view the thickest concentration of Negroes this side of Africa. Whenever he's in the city, the corridor leading to his offices is crammed with people of his own and other races.

Also in the building are offices of Ald. William H. Harvey (2nd) and State Rep. Corneal Davis (1st). There's an auditorium which seats 500, a printing room and a recreation room for young people.

"Where else in Chicago can a man see his alderman, his state representative and his Congressman all in the same building?" he asked. "I don't be-

d to the city council from the 2nd ward in 1933 and 1935.

All the time, he spoke the grass roots language of those by whom he was surrounded. They had no difficulty understanding his "nitty-gritty" words.

For instance, at a later date, after the press-conference ineptitude of Defense Secretary Wilson, in which he compared people with dogs, Dawson marshaled his workers together under a glaring hand-painted sign:

"Let's All Us Dogs Get Together and Do the Dog Nov. 2 - Vote Democratic."

After being defeated in campaigns for Congress and for reelection as alderman in 1939, Dawson left the Republicans, turning Democrat and becoming 2nd ward committeeman.



in a rare family portrait, at his son's wedding in 1950, poses with his wife. Son-in-law is Edward Carey. His bride Barbara Ann Dawson.

Some say the late Mayor Edward Kelly picked Dawson to expedite the shift from the Republican to the Democratic party on the South Side. Dawson says he was influenced by the liberalism of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Whatever caused the switch, it is agreed that he built a tight block-by-block political organization, since copied widely in other wards.

In 1942 Dawson went to Congress, squeaking past William E. King, former state senator, by only 3,000 votes. Last November he polled 71,472 votes against only 23,470 for Genoa S. Washington.

Dawson married Nellie M. Brown, the daughter of a Washington, D.C.,

minister, in 1922. While her mother was living, Mrs. Dawson often accompanied the Congressman to the capital while Congress was in session. In recent years, however, she has seldom gone there. In fact, she makes few public appearances anywhere and is rarely photographed.

The Dawsons have two grown children, William L. jr. and Mrs. Barbara Ann Morgan. The Congressman's daughter often helps him with precinct political work, and her husband is associated with him in business. Dawson and his son, seldom seen together, are rumored to be cool to each other because of a dispute over money.

Dawson is fond of poetry and has been known to recite from memory for as long as a half-hour without stopping. He also enjoys detective and western novels, an occasional poker game with close friends, and his collection of jazz records. Occasionally he takes the family to a farm he owns in Michigan.

The most consistent theme of Dawson's critics is that he is in some way connected with the policy racket.

"I want to see a community where policy slips do not litter the lawns," said Alderman Carey during a speech at a dinner in his honor.

Dawson admitted that there is the possibility that more policy is played in his district than in any other area in town.

"BUT THERE'S BINGO played in the churches, and not too much racket is made about it," he said. "People who play policy are not necessarily criminals. Anyway, policy is not looked upon as crime by many who play it."

The Crime commission, claiming Dawson has admitted showing policy slips to its investigators in 1948, quotes him as saying:

"I told them that I would go down to see Kennelly, but I doubted that he would do anything about it."

Regardless of who is telling the truth about this incident, Dawson had complained that Kennelly would hardly see him about anything.

"When a mayor gets too big to see a ward committeeman, then he's too big for the job," said Dawson.

It was during Kennelly's second administration that the breach between them widened beyond any hope of being spanned.

The press later reported that Kennelly insisted he would not be subservient to the type of political bossism exemplified by Dawson.

"But I don't get mad about what the newspapers say about me," Dawson said. "You don't get mad - you get smart."

by John Madigan

WASHINGTON.

When Congressman Bill Dawson returned here after Chicago's mayoralty election you would have thought he rather than Richard J. Daley had been elected. Colleagues grouped around him in the House of Representatives cloakroom, pumped his hand, questioned him on details of the voting, congratulated him on the outcome. Laughed Dawson later: "I thought for a minute that I had won."

In truth, it had been some kind of a victory for Dawson - at least as far as his friends in Congress were concerned. Chicago's local problems and political wars, the recurring charges of an alliance between crime and politics, the Big Nine committee's "evidence" - all these were rather vague, faraway and not very important to 435 House members busy, as a body, with national affairs and, individually, with their own local problems. These men were pros. Elections were old stuff to them. They'd been called names themselves many times. They knew fact and fiction keep pretty steady company in a campaign.

To most of the members of the House, regardless of party or political ideology, Bill Dawson is three things: the most powerful Negro politician in the United States, an able legislator, a gentleman.

Says House Majority Leader John McCormack of Massachusetts: "Bill Dawson is one of the best legislators and grandest men I've ever met. I'll show you what I think of him. When we took back control from the Republicans in the 81st Congress and I was elected majority leader, I was also ranking Democratic member of the important Government Operations committee. I stepped aside so that he became chairman, but I remained a member. It gives me great pleasure to serve under his chairmanship. He has the deep respect of all his colleagues. Notice the way the chamber fills up when he is going to speak. He doesn't take the floor often - only when he can make a contribution to some matter, not just to hear himself talk - but he's one of the most eloquent men in the House."

Says Dixiecrat Rep. F. Edward Hebert of New Orleans, who admits he loses the Negro vote "solid" in every election: "Bill is one of the finest. He has set a pattern of conduct publicly and privately which erases a great many of the prejudices, misunderstandings and unnecessary animosities which now exist against persons of his race. And he is one of the most



Congressmen Dawson and Adam Clayton Powell (D., New York), two of the three Negro representatives, have little to do with each other in Washington. Dawson reluctantly consented to a joint photograph.

competent men on the floor."

McCormack's and Hebert's sentiments are typical. Not that Dawson is without enemies or opponents in Congress. He's too good a fighter for that. But he has no more nor less than the average Congressman. One of three Negro representatives (the others are Adam Clayton Powell of New York and Charles C. Diggs of Detroit, both Democrats), Dawson is the first member of his race since Reconstruction days to be chairman of a major Congressional committee. Privately, Southern members have often compared him favorably to Powell. One points out: "I've never seen Dawson in the House dining room. If he came in he'd probably be welcomed. But Powell goes out of his way to find an empty seat at a table where his presence might embarrass someone." (Members have a private dining room for themselves and their guests). Regardless of the moral merits or taste in such a comparison, it is indicative of the general feeling.

It was on Feb. 8, 1943, that the strapping lawyer with the wooden left leg made his maiden House speech. The circumstances, as well as the contents of the speech, give insight into the Congressman. Freshman Dawson's parliamentary experi-

ence included until that time only the loose procedure in Chicago's city council. Knowing how and when to get the floor on Capitol Hill while an important matter is being debated is quite another problem.

Pending was a bill which would have cut off expenditure of federal funds to any persons who were allegedly Communists. One such was a 40-year friend of Dawson's. Anxious to defend him, Dawson hurriedly looked around for help on parliamentary procedure. To whom did he turn? Albert Gore of Tennessee, now a Senator, and another Southerner, Martin Dies of Texas, who has never been accused of being overly sympathetic on matters of civil rights, but who is one of the most able men in debate in Washington.

At what he hoped was the proper psychological moment, Dawson succeeded in getting the floor, and began:

"Mr. Chairman, it is with the greatest measure of hesitation that I, a new member, rise to address this august body at this time. I am sustained only by the knowledge that I can bring to this committee an understanding of the background of this subject matter better than any other person in this assembly.

"I have known William Pickens for more than 40 years. I knew his activities among my people; and when I say 'my people' I am not one who is sensitive to color; I am not one ashamed of what God made me."

Dawson told his colleagues he hoped to convey to them some of the psychology of Negroes, "something of the psychology of a people who are told they have every right in fact, but who know they do not have those rights in actuality." He knew something about communism, he said, knew how Communists played upon the ills of Negroes, "talking of inalienable rights and things that are dear to the heart of every American, be he white or be he black." His friend was not and never had been a Communist, Dawson said, and never knowingly affiliated himself with a Communist organization. If he had spoken at some meetings having some communistic tinge, others had done the same and perhaps a few Congressmen could find themselves haunted by ancient connections with doubtful organizations "before we knew their true complexion."

As a result of the freshman's speech the appropriations were not summarily cut off. Instead, a committee was appointed to study the situation in greater detail to devise a more judicious way to handle the problem.

The Chicago Congressman's floor

speeches have been infrequent since that maiden try. "I use speeches only as the artisan does his stone," Dawson says, "to build something. I don't talk just to show off." One of the representative's building projects was constructed April 13, 1951. It has been reprinted in pamphlet form by several organizations. Harry Truman, then President, asked for a dozen autographed copies to send to friends. It received wide press coverage, and scores of letters poured into Dawson's office from thruout the country. Chicago Rep. Sidney R. Yates, of the 9th (Near North Side) district, wrote his constituents in a newsletter at the time:

"FOR SHEER DRAMA and deep emotional impact, there have been few moments in the House of Representatives to compare with that created by the speech made by Congressman Dawson. The House had been debating the new Selective Service and UMT bill for over a week and had reached the provision giving all inductees the right to decide, on the basis of race, in which unit of the armed services they wished to serve. Dawson asked for recognition, was given the floor, walked slowly to the microphone and began to speak very gently:

"Mr. Chairman, I was born in the South. I lived there all during the days of my young manhood . . ."

Word spread thru the cloakroom that Dawson had the floor. Republicans and Democrats hurried back to their seats. They heard the speaker tell briefly of his service and wounds in World War I, of inadequate Army medical care because he was in a segregated outfit, then:

"How long, how long, my confreres and gentlemen from the South, will you divide us Americans on account of color? Give me the test that you would apply to make anyone a full-fledged American, and by the living God, if it means death itself, I will pay it. But give it to me. Why should this body go on record at a time when we are fighting a [Korean] war to brand a section of its citizenry as second class?

"There is but one God and there is but one race of men all made in the image of God. I did not make myself black any more than you made yourselves white, and God did not curse me when he made me black any more than he cursed you when he made you white."

As Dawson concluded, tears were in the eyes of many of his colleagues and the bulk of them jumped to their feet and applauded until he had walked back to his seat from the well



Bow-tie wearers: "The Man" and an old friend, Harry Truman.

of the House. A few minutes later the noxious provision was killed by an overwhelming vote. The speech was one of the telling final blows against segregation in the armed forces.

While Dawson's most eloquent speeches have dealt with matters affecting the Negro race, he is also active and able on other subjects. He personally guides all major legislation coming out of his Government Operations committee. He is particularly proud of the part he played in introducing the Reorganization Act of 1949, which gave the President authority to reorganize the executive department. Under it any President must submit every change to Congress, but the lawmakers don't take specific negative action the change automatically becomes law. When it was passed the Democratic-controlled House provided that a two-thirds vote would be needed to upset a Presidential reorganization. This was to President Truman's liking. The Senate bill, however, called only for a simple majority.

DAWSON DOESN'T TALK about his many contacts with the President on both legislative and political affairs, but Capitol Hill veterans will testify that the President personally told Dawson the "simple majority" formula would not do. Dawson's successful strategy at the Senate-House conference called to iron out differences in the two bills was to agree "reluctantly" to a "constitutional majority" as a

compromise. Actually, such a provision is practically as effective as a two-thirds formula, for under it 218 votes, one more than half the membership of the House, are needed to defeat a Presidential change, rather than a simple majority of those present and voting.

Rarely does attendance in the House hit the 400 mark, no matter how important the issue being voted.

As is the case with other Representatives and Senators, much of Dawson's time in Washington is spent caring for the individual, personal problems of the 323,354 constituents in the 1st Congressional district — wards 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 20; the Loop as well as the heart of the Negro community. These problems are brought to his attention by mail when he is in Washington, but when Congress is not in session he listens to them personally in his 2nd ward office.

Dawson's power, however, extends far beyond his Congressional district, which is bounded by the Chicago river on the north, by Lake Michigan and Cottage Grove avenue on the east, by Marquette boulevard on the south, and by a jagged line on the west which has its farthest westward point near Halsted street and the river. His power literally extends into any portion of the United States where there is a Negro vote.

He is the man who was asked by convention leaders (beforehand) at the 1952 Democratic session in Chi-

cago if Sen. John Sparkman of Alabama could be "sold" as a vice-presidential candidate. Dawson said "Sure," and the 1952 voting records show he was right. The Negro vote stayed overwhelmingly solid in the Democratic column while other previously strong segments of the party were riddled with heavy switches to Eisenhower. Looking to the future, Dawson will have as much to say as any man in the country in picking the 1956 ticket. He'll also be talking off-stage on how he thinks the campaign should be run. In this regard, it is significant to consider that Dawson told intimates after Adlai Stevenson's defeat: "The main thing wrong with his campaign was that he kept telling people what he was going to do to them when he should have been telling them what he was going to do for them."

As to his own political and personal future, in the capital he will continue to live quietly and alone in his four-room apartment in a Negro section on R street. A housekeeper comes here to clean occasionally, but Dawson cooks his own meals. Steak is his favorite food; he also fixes chicken and roasts with professional competence. He once worked as a cook, waiter and porter for a railroad.

Dawson will continue a relationship professionally which has found "never a single act of discourtesy being shown to me in my duties as a Congressman." He'll continue to run for reelection in Chicago without reading what the newspapers say about him and without listening to what his enemies call him. He'll continue to win easily "because my people know me, know I will help them if they are entitled to help, and know that the type of campaign waged against Dawson is so manifestly unfair."

These words are prominently displayed in a glass frame on a wall of Dawson's Washington office:

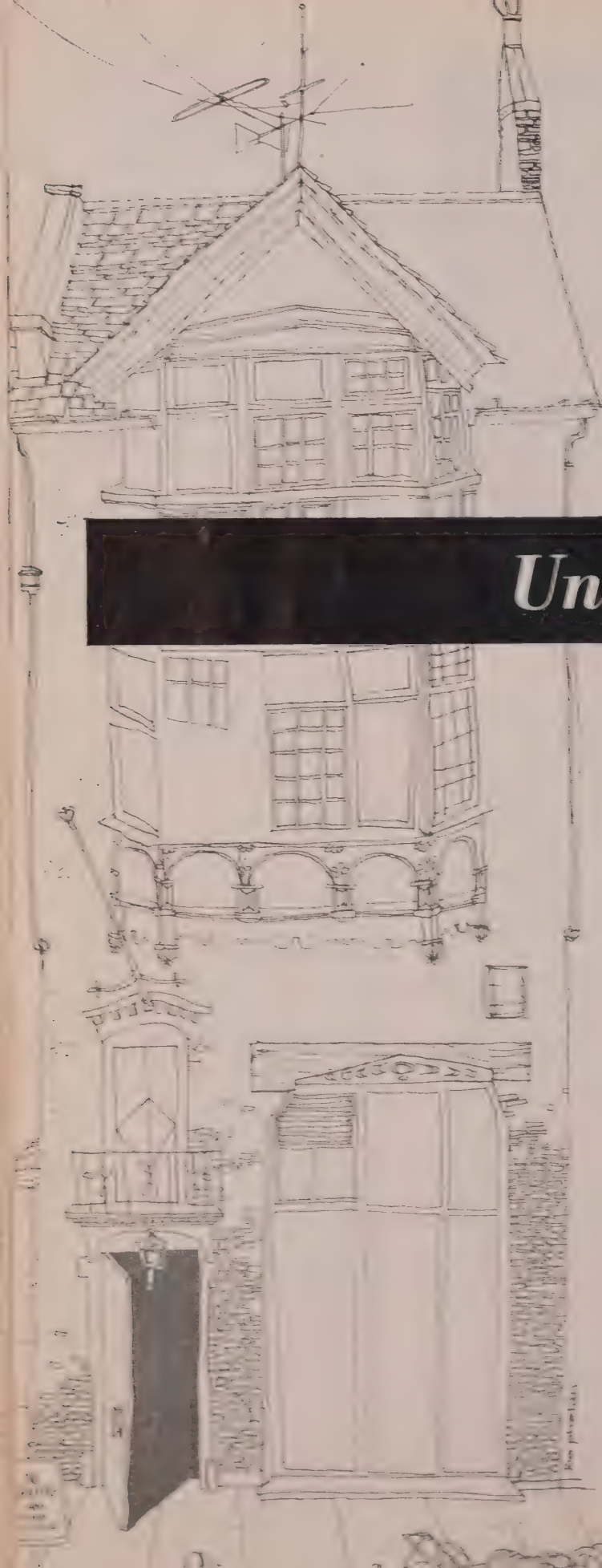
"Dear God:

"Give me the Courage
to fight those evils
which can be changed;
Give me the Fortitude
to endure those evils
which cannot be changed;
Give me Wisdom to
distinguish between the two."

Bill Dawson says those words "come close to being my creed." For the rest, he takes no chances that his enemies will overtake him. "I just outwork them," Dawson says.

design by Ernst Gaydn

Picture credits: page 23, United Press; p.24, Don Bronstein; p.25, Chicago Defender; p.26, UP; p.27, Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.



Unlocking *the* Key Clubs

A dozen saloons and
supper clubs in town have
a booming business since
they locked the door.

by Bernard Asbell

photographs by Don Bronstein

Two years ago, the saloon business was in terrible shape. The frivolous bucks which once flowed freely seemed to have frozen up like the dry rocks over which too little Scotch was pouring. Booze traffic was stable only on Michigan avenue where the five o'clock drink with a client is as inviolate as Mother's Day. Elsewhere, it was murder.

"If business doesn't improve," a man's face would confide with face anything but bonny, "I'm going to have to put a lock on the door."

"That," mused a customer one night, burdened by a barkeep's confidences, "may be an excellent idea."

A few days later this customer, an advertising man named Burton Browne, called a meeting. Browne is new in his trade as a sort of low-pressure genius and a gent who at the proper time and place knows how to live it up most elegantly. At the meeting sat 15 of his friends, all men of youthful outlook and ready cash.

Browne outlined a growing social problem: more and more people were ditching their cocktails in the advertising ghetto around the Wrigley building, and a man of affairs couldn't get a drink in a good bar any more without pushing his way thru a mob of inconsequential youngsters. His listeners nodded earnestly.

Browne proposed a new bar, interesting to the eye and pleasing to the go.

"And I suggest," he said, looking around happily, "that we put a lock on the door."

When the meeting broke up, 16 advertising men and allied professionals had become saloon keepers. They rented a store in a quiet stretch of Rush street, a few feet north of Chicago avenue. They called it the Gaslight club, a name that gets part of its charm from the fact that the place is next door to a Commonwealth Edison company substation.

The owners, who called themselves The Secret Sixteen," drew up lists of certain business associates and friends. These were invited to membership, titling them to drink at the "most exclusive bar in the world." Admission, they were told, could be accomplished only by inserting a member's key in the door, which, incidentally, had been the front door of the Cyrus McCormick mansion. Even bribing the doorman was useless. He had no key.

Today, less than 24 months later, the "most exclusive bar in the world" is also perhaps the most successful—and the most crowded. Drinks, originally priced at 85 cents, now cost \$1.25. The club pours more Scotch whisky than any saloon in the world outside

of the Stork Club in New York. A waitress earns an estimated \$15,000 a year. Her qualifications are uncommon prettiness and well developed resistance to colds, since she works in a tutu-length costume. For a nickel, customers may eat their fill from a table spread with smoked turkey, imported Danish ham and Swiss cheese. These five-cent transactions run up a deficit of \$42,000 a year.

THE SPECTACULAR success of the Gaslight is shaking the social pattern of the city's smart set. The Near North Side has broken out in a rash of key clubs.

When a well-dressed man, according to a new joke, is seen walking down the avenue leaning painfully to one side, he's more to be envied than pitied. Chances are he's a member of all the exclusive clubs and weighted down by the keys. Booze merchants of the conventional variety are learning with alarm that the only dependable way to work up a crowd in a saloon today is to go thru all the motions of keeping it out. The practice even helps to cultivate new barflies out of former abstainers. An invitation to a key club is such flattery that it's often, as the saying goes, enough to drive a man to drink.

Browne, of course didn't invent the notion that a cherry at the bottom of a Manhattan tastes sweeter when it's forbidden fruit. He just touched off the current preoccupation with membership keys and cards. Fully 20 years ago, Andrew D. Berkey rented a distinguished old house at 150 east Ontario street, locked the door and sent letters to the Four Hundred, whose names and addresses he copied from the Blue Book. He informed them they were members of the Key club, where they could eat and fraternize without suffering the presence of plain people. The Four Hundred took to the keys with delight and Berkey prospered as a host. Within a year, he eliminated the keys. Too many members loaned them out for a night and the place was becoming too non-exclusive for comfort. Berkey issued membership cards which had to be shown to a receptionist, hired for her skill in placing a face. Membership now is closer to four thousand than four hundred.

The Key club has an old and rough feel to it. Some of the tables are coarse-grained, unfinished wood. The dark walls are hung with early prints. There isn't a tablecloth in the house, but the food is generous and sumptuous. A good steak, served with watercress, is five dollars. Even a boiled potato runs up the check 25 cents. Cost of drinks is surprisingly



Something special for the members is the objective of the key clubs. The Gaslight club has waitresses such as Mary Carr, with costumes and personalities tailored to please. The girls are former models, earn up to \$15,000 a year; their relations with customers are delicately balanced between enticement and arm's length.

design by Joe Phelan



moderate. A martini, pride of the house, is 65 cents. Beer is 40 cents, except imported Lowenbrau at 80 cents. Pauline Borgfeldt alternately plays pianos on the first and second floors. To the rear of the second floor is a small division called the Green room. The late Col. Robert R. McCormick always asked to be served there—he was born in it.

Two brothers were conspicuous at the club in its early days. Jack Andrews was *maitre d'hôtel* and his brother, Nick, was captain of waiters. Not at the same time. The two brothers got along most harmoniously when they were out of each other's sight. But about ten years ago they agreed at least on one point: Berkey was doing right well for himself and so could someone else in a similar business.

THE BROTHERS Andrews took space off an alley running south of Walton place. The alley, called Huguelet court, is puddle strewn and congested with trucks and cars. An unkempt doorman in front could easily pass for a truck driver's helper. The inconspicuous door is flanked by a pair of dim lights, and only someone looking for them is likely to perceive the faded letters on the door which read, "The Club Barclay." For no matter whom, the doorman opens the outer door obligingly. But inside, the visitor is confronted by a bell on the wall. When he rings it, a middle-aged lady with red hair peers thru the glass window of an inside door. If she recognizes the visitor, the door is swung wide and her face lights up in a professional smile. Otherwise, the door opens just a little and the visitor

tries to establish his right to enter. If there's a question, the lady calls Jack or Nick.

The main room measures about 12 feet wide and perhaps 40 feet long. It is painted dark green. Tables are cluttered abundantly with dishes full of food. Patrons are of the middle-aged "substantial" group.

While the Andrews brothers quietly prospered in a low-rent alley, hanging their elegance on plain pipe racks, they were observed more than casually by a waiter at the Wrigley building restaurant. This man, a jolly character with a rich Russian accent, was called Timoshenko. During World War II, a customer dubbed him Timoshenko in recognition of outstanding bravery in holding back platoons of steady patrons in the face of extreme food shortages, and the name stuck. Timoshenko's real name is Daniel Ehrlich.

In January of 1947, Timo, as he is most often called, rounded up some money from *bon vivants* he had known, and he helped make a luxurious restaurant of an ancient brick building at 58 east Delaware. He and his associates called it the Club Boyar. One of the charter members was Burton Browne. Family quarrels within the management erupted and, by June, Timo found himself out of the corporation. The Club Boyar is still going, similar in mood to the Club Barclay. Timo, however, quickly found another locale for his talents as a host.

At 433 north Wells street, a key club of a special sort was sagging financially. It was the Radio club, a gathering point not for high society but for those who people the strange

and private world of show business. Timo found there a most unusual layout. The main dining and drinking area is a sunken room a full story below street level. Everywhere the visitor turns, his eye meets the warmth of polished wood. Each panel is hand carved in an Indian motif, the work of Jesus Torres, an Aztec. Timoshenko took over this setting in 1949 and slowly shifted its restricted membership to include business folk from the Merchandise Mart and environs. With a flourish, he kissed the hand of every lady who entered and the gesture became a trademark. One of the businessmen who followed Timo from the Club Boyar to the Radio club was Burton Browne.

Browne decided on his Gaslight club plunge in the fall of 1953. He would set off his club from all the others by making it a saloon in the strict sense: no meals. To highlight this special character, he set out to find a giant mahogany backbar of the gaslight era. He accomplished a thoro search by offering the city's Coca-Cola drivers a reward for the best backbar, and one driver happily collected fifty dollars for locating an amazing furnishing built by Brunswick-Balke-Collender company in 1865. He found it cluttering up a small delicatessen just off Prairie avenue. Theodora, the life-size marble bathing girl who stands by the door, during her younger days adorned the front parlor of the stoned Everleigh club. Gaslight members are asked to view Theodora with deference for "possibly your grandfather," a membership brochure points out, "patted her for luck on his way upstairs."



In the rearmost of three rooms, on the smallest ice rink in the world, the Gaslight Revue unfolds. This engaging little show ends with the audience singing *Work Is the Curse of the Drinking Classes*, the club's song.

The strangely shaped key which buzzes open the portal will also admit the holder to the \$130,000 Gaslight Club in New York, scheduled to open this month.

Four months after the Gaslight was provided to the drinking classes, another private pub opened, announcing it was closed to the public. A nursery for pre-school children had moved on Ernst court, another alley on Walton place. Arnold Morton, son of a veteran Hyde Park restaurateur, objected for it a more lucrative form of child's play and converted the place to Walton Walk. He worked out the slickest door-opening device in town. A membership card, printed in metallic ink, is inserted in a door slot, circuit is completed, a buzzer buzzes and the customer is transformed from outsider to an insider. Walton Walk may well enjoy the lowest electric bill of any bar in the city. Morton carries a flashlight, usher fashion. Through the darkness, the card carrier can make out super-smart wrought iron finishings accented by red upholstery. Bookkeeping for the visitor is simple: drinks are a dollar straight. Herman Wallace plays the piano and sings French songs thru a superb pub-address system in a room whose use hardly requires one.

PROBABLY the most amateur of saloon keepers are running one of the most professional of key clubs, the

Nocturne, which opened on west Burton place soon after Walton Walk. The Nocturne was uncorked by two executives of Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer, not a drop of which can be found in the house. They are a father and son who love a good time. After a hard day at the office, one of them is apt to exclaim to the other, "Boy! Have we had it lately!", a cue that sets off an evening of clubbing. When they finally decided to own a club of their own, they took into partnership such qualified talent as a jewelry manufacturer and an expert in the smelting and refining of non-ferrous metals. The last of these, Howard Adolph, now spends his full time as manager of the Nocturne.

Of all the key clubs, the Nocturne is most likely to succeed in leaving a visitor breathless. The outside of the building is trimmed in copper. Into a telephone in the street level foyer, the member reads his card number and his name. If the two bits of data jibe, the door buzzes and the member may go up a flight to the club proper, where he must subject himself to the final check: the friendly but accurate eye of Adolph. Adolph guesses that during the Nocturne's first week he turned down \$150 in bribes at the door.

Walls are white and turquoise. ("We wanted intimacy without painting the walls dark green.") Chairs, settees and even tables are white, starkly modern. Judiciously placed pin spots light up key objects. The result is subdued cheer. Part of a third floor has been amputated so the remainder serves as a kind of balcony. Two intriguing items beckon members to the

Admission to the elegant Walton Walk is obtained by inserting membership card in slot, left, opposite page. Metallic ink on card makes circuit buzzes door unlocked.

The exclusive portal of Club Barclay must be reached on foot through an alley full of mud puddles, right, opposite page.

Photogram of keys to the dernier club in drinking and dining, above left.

Above, in the Goose island house where he was born and which he never leaves, a taciturn barkeep named Joe conducts the Dolls House, a club whose membership depends strictly on Joe's variable whims. Democratic party wheels and medical personnel are on his okay

Burton Browne, below, in the key club picture for years, finally opened his own, the sparkling Gaslight club.



balcony, besides Jan Parks who plays the piano and sings sophisticated material. One is the ladies' room, lined with ceramic tile and housing a bath tub surrounded by mirrors. In a tone suggesting disappointment, Adolph reports that nobody has used the tub yet. The other item is a painting. Over the serving bar, a skylight pane of glass slants at 45 degrees upon a huge reclining nude in a setting of St. George and the dragon.

This has a story behind it: Frank Liccardi, artist-owner of La Boutique Fantastique, was commissioned to paint the nude in a particular manner. Several pairs of 3-D glasses were to hang over the bar, according to the plan. A customer using a pair of these glasses was to have revealed to him, in a sort of infra- or ultra- paint, the figure of a male in the company of the undraped lady. "The idea," Adolph explains, "was that the picture would be suggestive without being smutty." Somehow, the artist couldn't quite get the engaging idea to come off. So John Foote was brought in to supply a new background. In the inscrutable way of artists, it came unto him to couple Elouise—that's the lady's name—with St. George and the dragon. Strangest of all, the painting, seen thru the 45-degree window, appears to be projected by mirrors, periscope fashion. Such is not the case. The picture actually is hung on the wall of the adjacent building, right out in the open where neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays her from exhibiting her charms. Adolph estimates she's got two good years ahead of her before

she succumbs to overexposure.

Outstanding attraction on both floors is the extraordinary spell cast by Orlando, who sings and plays a harp. His face vaguely suggests tragedy and his instrument reinforces an ethereal feeling that runs thru the whole place.

When the Nocturne opened, it had the benefit of the bartending skills of Steve De Kosta who also had poured the first drink at the Gaslight. De Kosta's wife, meanwhile, was engaged as dice girl at the Andrews brothers' Club Barclay. Between the two, they became amply authoritative about the ways of key clubs. One day the De Kostas quit their respective jobs and turned up last November as impresarios of a new key club called the Hucksters, at 100 east Chicago avenue. It is no run-of-the-mine key club, which is to say it is unlocked by no run-of-the-mine key. The Hucksters' key is barrel shaped, the kind used to shut off burglar alarms. De Kosta says no member can duplicate one. He specializes in expensive dinners and during May branched out into expensive lunches—"from \$2.75 down." Drinks are a straight dollar. De Kosta got a public relations break when Mayor Daley accepted honorary membership in the Hucksters. The honor was conferred in a funeral parlor when De Kosta and the mayor found themselves in line together waiting to view the corpse of a mutual friend.

During the same month De Kosta opened for business, so did a place called Twelve West, at 12 west Maple street. This club sends out post cards signed "Horace Greeley" and urging

members: "Go west (twelve, that is) young man." Decor is New Orleans French, with generous use of murals and furnishings rescued from warehouses and secondhand stores. Owners are Harry Polos and E. Steven Castiglia, who also run a public bar, Figaro's lounge on Oak street.

The smallest key club is located at State and Walton and called the Office club because it has no entertainment being intended chiefly as a place for business people to talk shop while having a drink. It has a thousand members and seats for about 20 in a space with the size and decor of a modern living room.

Two well established night clubs, to which admission is traditionally open to anyone presenting cold cash, run key clubs as side operations. The Chez Paree established the Gold Key club in 1949. It is located off the main room, in the far corner to the performer's right. Members, who must plunk down a deposit of \$100, are furnished a solid gold key and a toy key for milady's necklace, which won't open anything. Other than that, the chief apparent advantage to membership is the luxury of lording it around the Chez knowing there is a desirable place to duck when the show comes on. Conversation there is a hailstorm of name-dropping. Irv Kupcinet has been known to spend all of a rainy night behind the doors of the Gold Key club collecting juicy items by the notebookful.

The other "private room in the back" belongs to the Blue Angel and is called the Opera club. It no longer offers opera and it never was very



Orlando, talented singer, harpist and pianist, is one of the reasons the Nocturne's key is among the most sought-after.

private. Egyptian-born Jean Fardulli, the director, once enjoyed a distinguished career as an operatic baritone. He opened the whole place as the Opera club in 1951. His theory was that a night club here could be successful, as several are in San Francisco, with an operatic floor show. But the club folded. It reopened soon as the Blue Angel and has stayed alive on the world's most protracted calypso kick. In April of 1954, Fardulli tried opera again, but this time confined it to the side room and locked the door to help stir up cultural interest. Last April, to mark the first birthday of the new Opera club, Fardulli threw in the towel. He installed a piano player named Gene Early who, when last heard, was leading some joyous keyholders in the singing of *H-A-Double-R-I-G-A-N Spells Harrigan*. At 11 p.m., Gene is relieved by Bob Drews who does a live interview broadcast over WEAW-FM, whose listenership late at night is figured to be about as private as the most exclusive key clubs.

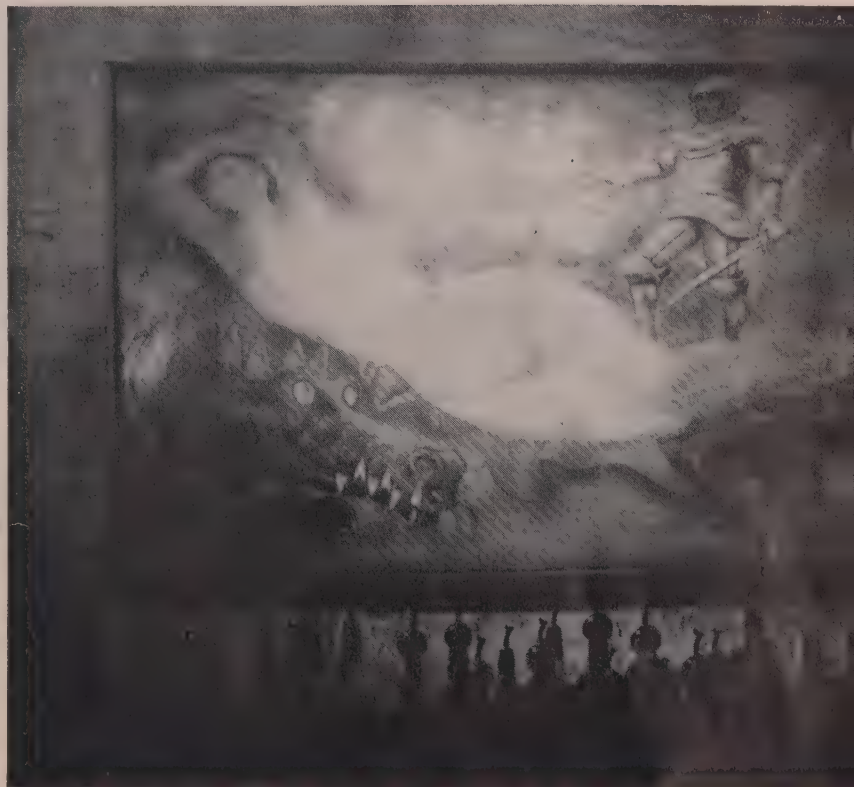
Membership requirements of the Opera club are comparatively simple. An applicant merely need see the hat check girl, who will buzz the door so one may go inside and ask the bartender for a key.

THE CLUB WITH the most stringent admission procedure of all is located off the Near North Side. It is on Goose island, which lies under the Ogden avenue viaduct at about the intersection of Division and Halsted streets. The club, in an old house amid factories, is the Goose island Dolls House. Its proprietor and greeter is an elderly Irishman named Joe, who always wears a green tie and a shirt with sleeve garters. People viewing the building's exterior often wonder what keeps it from collapsing in a heap. One theory is that it's held up by yards upon yards of shelving inside, set up to display hundreds of holiday-dressed dolls whose costumes are periodically changed by Joe.

The lock on Joe's door has an honest purpose. It was put there to keep people out. A would-be thirst-quencher must ring a buzzer, if he can find it behind the grillwork which protects the windows. Joe then parts two slats in his venetian blinds and peers out into the night. If he recognizes the face, he might admit the owner. If he doesn't, he probably won't. Beer is 30 cents and he doesn't traffic much in anything else. The top brass in what is commonly called the Democratic party machine frequently seeks diversion there. Joe knows them all and he always admits them. Others come at their own risk.



In the tradition of gossip columnists, Irv Kupcinet gathers items for his daily commentary in the Goose Key club. With him is Dave Halper, one of the Chez Paree's four owners.



Reclining nude, St. George and dragon are subjects of giant spotlighted painting that hangs outdoors on wall of building next to the Nocturne. Seen here from behind-scenes window of the club, this opus can be viewed by patrons only if it is reflected on a 45-degree angle skylight above the Nocturne bar.

Nostalgia is the Gaslight club's successful stock-in-trade. Scene at left is beside a miniature street.

The Happy, Hell-Bent Thousand



A slope utilized for skiing in winter looks down upon a two-mile circuit of roadway at Wilmot, Wisconsin. Come June and July, speed thrills of another character take over the terrain. The hillside provides an excellent view of the course, on which the world's finest sporting machinery will be in action on June 12 and July 10, in meets put on by the Chicago Region Sports Car club of America.

Sports car racing is rather new in this country, but it is as old as the automobile. Racing with automobiles has undergone a number of paths of evolution, and the Indianapolis type race, stock car races and hot rodding are better known here than sports car competition.

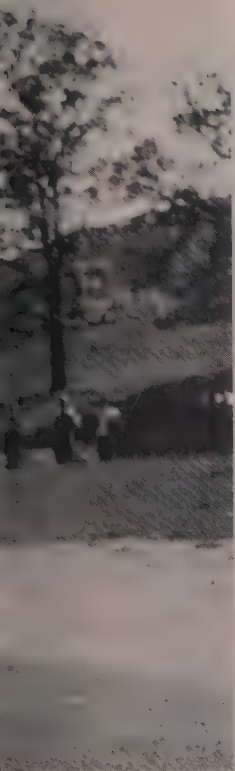
Arguments as to what a sports car is have consumed many hours and more than a few gallons of ink. As the heat simmers down it is generally agreed that it is a car designed for competition and yet capable of use in every-day travel. Then personal taste enters. How much of a racing car should it be? How much of a highway travel vehicle?

Out of these two questions there have evolved two extremes: the all-out racing car—the grand prix machines—and the Detroit iron, a highly efficient and very powerful machine with emphasis on the comfort and vanity of the occupants. The sports car has characteristics of both. It is built with racing and other competition characteristics foremost and with all the extras sacrificed in the interest of performance.

Take a standard stock car. Take off the cooling fan and belt. Supplant the air cleaner with one designed for a race engine. Install dual exhausts. Put on a hot cylinder head or have the existing one milled down for higher compression ratio. This is putting more and more horses under the hood. It can be kept up with specially ground camshafts and a supercharger, and by enlarging the diameter of the intake ports. Sandpaper the seat of the pants. What is the result? A hot rod: a car in which to ride to the store for groceries and reduce the neighbors' carriage to a wee speck in the rear-vision mirror.

This is a dual purpose vehicle, as the sports car is, but distinctions have to be made. Hot rodding is certainly a sport that yields to none for skill and thrill. But a sports car is understood to be a factory built vehicle, and qualifications for sports car competition eliminate both hot rods and grand prix machines, which have their own sphere of combat.

It is apparent that there is plenty of overlapping, a condition that is providing headaches for race organizers. The complaint has been voiced that many of the classic sports car races are being taken over by grand prix racers. This car is strictly for speed, except that the Indianapolis specials have an added facility—making left turns. Grand prix machines are run on other courses of the world and all are not quite as highly specialized as those at Indianapolis. But almost. Their only concession to the demands of human transportation is to provide room for the driver. No doors, windows or devices to keep the road out of his skin, but just a place behind the controls. They are



Halfway between Detroit and Indianapolis is the rapidly multiplying breed of sports cars.

by Walter Ryberg

built to turn right as well as left and to come out of hairpin turns at maximum acceleration.

There are sports cars mighty close to these all-out competitors, and so we have competition sports cars and dual purpose sports cars and sports-type travel cars. Add a gadget that makes weight and it is less a competition car. Take away something to decrease weight and it reaches competition potential. Thus a sports car is born. It becomes a machine designed for the ultimate potential of motoring — speed — it has a range of capability from town traffic to open road, and it gives the driver absolute control.

The safety factor ranks high in sports car construction. Powerful brakes, fast steering, maximum visibility, low center of gravity and maneuverability are essential requirements.

Safety is also in the minds of the Sports Car Club of America in organizing competitions.

"Our events are organized for the safety of the participant and the spec-

tator," says George Wallerich, activities chairman for the Chicago region. "Every possible protection is provided for both the driver and the crowd.

"The car gets rigid inspection immediately before a race. It is checked for general condition, wheel alignment, brake efficiency, leaks of gasoline or oil and general cleanliness. Wheel balancing equipment is on hand and correction can be made on the spot.

"During the race, observers stationed at various parts of the course keep watch on the condition of the cars. Any evidence of mechanical trouble is reported to the pit steward by walkie-talkie. The black flag goes out for the car in trouble and he has to come in. He can get back in the race when the fault is corrected."

No driver is permitted by the club to start a race without a physical examination. He must be 21 or over and in top physical form to meet



During race, member of pit crew signals safety O.K., lap and time to James Kimberly, Chicago executive and many-time winning driver.

the qualifications for membership.

The club issues two types of license: for novice drivers and senior drivers. The tests of the novice driver include one for co-ordination and cover his reaction time.

Novice drivers on the Saturday before the June race at Wilmot will attend a school. This school was instituted last year by James H. Kimberly, a Chicago business executive who is activities chairman of the Sports Car Club of America and national sports car champion, by virtue of winning the highest number of points in races throught the country during 1954. His stable of cars and his driving skill are the envy of every sports car fan in the region.

The stress on safety is a natural consequence of the danger in racing. Handling a crowd and keeping it out of the way isn't easy, but we have come a long way from the throngs that surged wildly across the road during the first running of the Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island. Today



300 SL Mercedes-Benz

there are barriers, escape roads, spectator discipline and provision for medical and ambulance service and insurance.

Other events on the season's schedule are a road race near Rockford, tentatively set for August 7, a race at the Wisconsin fair grounds July 3 and possibly one at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, in September, and numerous rallies.

Road races were held at Elkhart Lake in 1950, 1951 and 1952, but haven't been since because of an injunction. Road racing has met considerable public opposition in the United States, altho many sports car enthusiasts consider this kind of race the only true test of a car.

The Elkhart Lake races are not dead, however, since plans are going forward for the construction of a race course. This is a local enterprise with visions of a Le Mans type course with complete facilities for spectators and participants. Built on private property, the course will have hills, curves and straights, like those at Le Mans and the Nurburg Ring in Germany.

Rallies are run over selected courses of road to determine the driver's ability. They test every skill in the book altho in many cases they do not include racing or speed tests. A win

is on points earned by arriving at fixed stations on time — not too early nor too late. Enthusiasts enter both rallies and races for sheer love of the sport — there are no cash prizes. Rallies are charted over traveled roads to include as many driving conditions as possible. Skill with a stop watch and slide rule ranks with skill in driving to win points.

The rally appeared first in Europe, and the biggest is the Monte Carlo, held annually in January. Participants get a set of instructions and the drivers set off to follow them as closely as possible with a pal in the seat to do the calculations.

Competitors in the Monte Carlo rally converge on that principality from all parts of Europe. Starters set off from Glasgow, Oslo, Athens, Munich and elsewhere, and head for Monte Carlo over prescribed routes designed to make the competition equal. Cars of all character participate and there are class prizes as well as points to determine the over-all winner.

This year the race planners sprang a surprise on the competitors: a series of secret check-off points that uncovered unsuspected penalties.

It is this kind of competition that brings out the flaws in the car and the driver. For the true sports car fan it is the driving that counts, hence his scorn for gadgets that shift his responsibility to the car. Responsiveness and ready handling are what he wants, and this whether he is just on the open highway or matching his skill in an organized meet.

Races, rallies, hill climbs are organized throught the United States by the Sports Car Club of America, which has its national headquarters in Westport, Connecticut. It has now between 6,000 and 7,000 members and is growing rapidly. The Chicago club, of which Charles A. West jr. is regional executive, has 300 members. The region covers the northern half of Illinois and is one of 50 into which the American club's activities are divided.

Its government consists of a board of directors which meets monthly to plan future activities. The activities chairman supervises the work of the racing chairman, the rally chairman and the membership chairman. The membership represents all walks of life — it is not by any means a group of men who have scads of money for expensive cars. Most of the members are owners of second-hand cars. It is a completely democratic fraternity, including business executives, professional men, office and factory workers, and a goodly number of mechanics and garage workers.

What unites these people? Whence this enthusiasm, utterly puzzling to the driver who thinks his all-purpose, two-tone, power-braked buggy the acme of automotive perfection? And what about the sports car owner who never enters competition? There are close to a thousand in the Chicago area.

It is sheer aestheticism, a doctrine that the prime beauty is clean functionalism untrammelled by the non-essential and irrelevantly ornamental.

It is a mania that is related to other manias, such as adoration for the classic or antique car. The fever that comes with the desire for one of the most fabulous of cars — the Bugatti — burns with a hard, gem-like flame. A sports car addict can very well become a Bug addict — given the cash — for the Bugatti was one of the finest sports cars ever built. Fortunately the bug doesn't usually bite the poor man, unless he has a sweetheart like Violette Nozier, who killed her father to get one for her boy friend.

To own a Bugatti is to dwell in the clouds among the angels — other Bugatti owners. It is a rarefied atmos-



Bugatti

phere, headier than the bouquet of Glenlivet. The tradition is that a Bugatti owner speaks only to other Bugatti owners, altho he may in a grand gesture of courtesy bow to the owner of an Alfa Romeo or a Duesenberg.

This monomania is a tribute not only to a car but to a man — Ettore Bugatti, an Italian who built his fabulous automobile in Alsace Lorraine. An engineer with the inspiration of an artist, he climaxed his series of road and racing successes to create the Royale, a luxury car machined to zero tolerance and designed to prove that the Rolls Royce was a truck.

This kingdom of the elite being closed to most mortals, since wives must eat and children have shoes, the sports car fan generally tempers his infection with a little inoculation of restraint. The germs are in the air, however, and cannot be utterly eluded. They have even bitten Detroit. Within the grim parade of highway barges we now see bright perpetrations of the mania — the Corvette and the Thunderbird.

They top 100 miles per hour and can reach 60 miles an hour from zero in the neighborhood of ten seconds. At Daytona Beach last March, the

Thunderbird took class record, 124.63 p.h., with Joe Ferguson driving. The boys are still arguing whether the Corvette and the Thunderbird are sports cars, many of them not admitting to the category anything that lacks an international racing pedigree. Future competition will tell.

With these additions to the breed, the fever can be expected to spread rather than decline. In Europe, sports car enthusiasm has been alive from the beginning of motoring. Here it was damped with the deaths of the Stutz, the Marcat, the Mercer Raceabout, the Duesenberg and their kin. The Depression had a lot to do with snuffing out the fire. Then came the war with its one-purpose channeling of energy.

The end of the war saw its renewal with a vigor that found Detroit unable to meet the demand — busy as



was satisfying the starved need for cars that were purely for transportation.

British industry was on the scene, however, in its dire need for export business, and supplied the MG and Jaguar, to mention the better known. Stuttgart, Germany, got going again with the mighty Mercedes that has made history since the auto industry was an infant. The great Italian builders returned to the loving production of lithe, superfast chariots that nearly always manage to get out in front of everything else.

In America the industry stood steadily by the production of purely transportation cars, evolving softly sprung monsters growing longer and better, yet with terrific horsepower and high speed. Cars have become so softly sprung they rock on a smooth road. They are a long way from the early functional machines that sports car enthusiasts admire.

It is obvious that the Detroit car and the sports car are two different entities and arguing about the comparative merits of each is futile. One is for travel and the other is for sports and that's all there is to it. Anyone interested in the performance characteristics of each can scan the charts of the last running of the Pan American. Maglioli's Ferrari covered the distance in 17 hours, 40 minutes and 10 seconds. Behind it, and ahead of the winner of the stock car division — Lincoln — were three Ferraris, two Porsches, Miller's Special and an SCA. Winning the small sports clas-

sification, the Porsches took third and fourth places over all. The Lincoln covered the 1,912 miles in 20 hours 49 minutes and 19 seconds.

To the admirer of the Detroit iron, the simplicity of the sports car seems a gyp. To the sports car fan the extras of the Detroiters have nothing to do with automobile driving and recall the days of the OPA, when to rent an apartment you had to buy a load of furniture.

Opposite as these viewpoints are, they share something. It's the glee of modern man to move about on wheels. The Indian in his wisdom never discovered the wheel, but then he had a sport, hunting, that was more than satisfactory, and an object of work that was more than adequate, the squaw.

About the time the automobile was putting in an appearance on the American scene, the populace was bicycle-happy. Bicycle shops existed everywhere and it was in many of these that aspiring inventors were experimenting with motor propulsion. Steam, electricity and internal combustion contended for the honor of propelling the carriage of the future. The Duryea brothers, who produced what is now recognized as the first successful gasoline propelled motor vehicle in the United States, worked on bicycle design before venturing into automobile manufacture.

The sports car fan is constantly asserting that these first cars were sports cars, and that transportation cars are the newcomer, something that came into existence when women and boys learned to drive. To drive one of the early, roaring, fire-belching crates, put together from materials lying around the bicycle shop and tool shed, was certainly a sporting proposition. The superiority of the horse for hauling things around was demonstrated by the frequency it was called upon to drag a hapless motor wagon out of the mud.

So the pioneers turned their minds to racing. A Chicago newspaper man, Frederick Adams, persuaded his boss,



120 Jaguar

H. H. Kohlsaat, owner of the *Times-Herald*, to sponsor a road race. The idea of a road race in America then was considered preposterous. This was in 1895, a time when road racing had already been established in France, with the best cars then in existence competing for honors. But Adams' race was held, and was the first of

many in this country.

Some of the improvements that have been attributed to racing include knee action, streamlining, four-wheel brakes and the rear-vision mirror. This accessory made its first appearance on the six-cylinder Marmon in which Ray Harroun won the 1911 Indianapolis 500-miler.

From racing, the automobile derives design modifications that contribute to utility as well as competition driving. Undoubtedly, gimmicks that an engineer has whomped up solely thru experiments in the workshop have proved their worth as well. But the race — and especially the race on the road — is where they are tested.

Road racing has been developed on a wide scale in Europe, hence the wider production and interest in sports cars. There are the 24-hour race at Le Mans, France, the thousand-mile road race in Italy, the Targa Florio in Sicily, the Tourist trophy in England and others. On this side of the water is a relative newcomer — the Mexican road race, a five-day affair covering



4.5 Ferrari

a variety of road stretches and altitude extremes, which many contend is the most grueling of all.

For Americans, the ideal sports cars in the home field are undoubtedly the J and SJ model Duesenbergs. The Duesenberg, largely influenced by the Bugatti, was for many years the symbol of automotive craftsmanship. Its foremost admirers argue that it has yet to be excelled and claim that the J engine produced 390 horsepower with its compression ratio upped to 8 to 1.

But ardor for the Bugatti eclipses everything. It is the most avidly collected of all cars. Collectors have organized, exchanged information, mobilized searches for parts and taught themselves to keep their cars in condition. It dominated the roads of Europe during the twenties, taking 806 first places in 1927.

The Duesenberg and the Bugatti are no more in production, but the nostalgic like to think of a car that might have continued the noble line. There are sweeter things in life than to sit behind the wheel of a machine whose daddy was a Duesenberg and whose grandpappy was a Golden Bug, but it's hard to think of many.

Photo credits: p. 34, courtesy Austin-Healey; p. 35, Bob Verlin; pages 36, 37, left to right: Don Bronstein, United Press, Verlin, courtesy Hoffman Motor, J. O. Wilson.



photographs by Harry Callaban

On Being a Little Girl



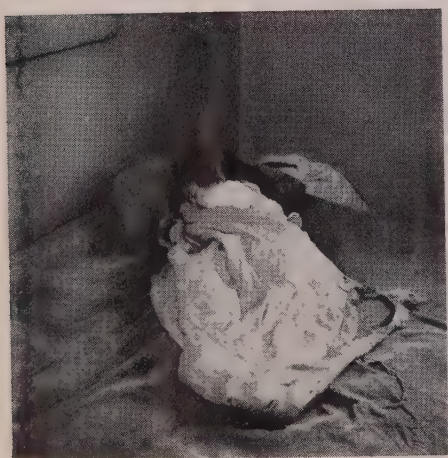
Altho Barbara refers to them without much interest as "baby pictures," the hundreds of photographs that record the five years of her life to date form a remarkable document in art and childhood. Barbara Mary Callahan is an only child, a hearty looking little girl with nice manners and large, expressive dark eyes.

Most of her walking life has been spent in the heart of the metropolis, centering in an airy, casual apartment in the Town and Garden buildings on Sedgwick street, where she lives with her parents.

Her father, who takes pictures of her so often that she hardly notices it, is head of the photography department of the Institute of Design; his work hangs in the country's major collections of photographic art, and he has sometimes been designated as "America's greatest living photographer." The photographer's rendition of a unique instant of experience as a universal symbol is what lends the aspect of greatness to Harry Callahan's studies of his daughter.



On Being a Little Girl





For a small child, exploration begins with small objects near him; he lives a life close to the ground, and has solemn dealings with cracks in the sidewalk, tiny flowers among grass, the detailed texture of anything underfoot. At home, a mystic security resides in a favored blanket — Barbara's, after five years, is worn down now to a few tattered, adored square inches of flannel lining. In the secure familiarity of home, a child blossoms with pixie flashes of personality, steadily more complex. The grocery sack mask photograph hangs in the "Childhood Magic" section of the Museum of Modern Art's current "Family of Man" show. Barbara as she is now when thoughtful, below, foretells a serenely beautiful woman.



PHONEVISION

. . . rescue or ruin for TV?

As the FCC prepares to unscramble the picture, Zenith, the networks and theater owners make the issue hot and noisy.

by John Fink

Television, it turned out abruptly this spring, has found more to worry about than how soon color will become commonplace and how many sponsors will be able to afford it. The medium that had other sources of public entertainment crying calamity not so many years ago, is in the same full cry now and, strangely enough, in company with some of its former opponents.

The new bogey is subscription, or pay-as-you-see, TV, which has been around as a technical possibility for several years, but which became a live and noisy issue when the Federal Communications commission announced it would receive written ar-

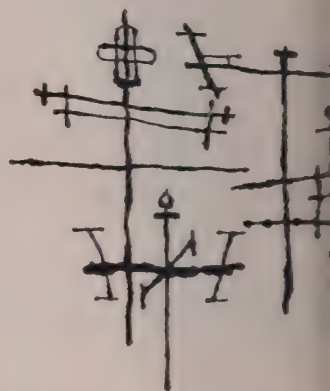
guments for and against authorization of its commercial use.

The opponents of pay-TV — mainly the broadcasting networks and their old antagonists, the movie exhibitors, were further spurred into activity by vigorous drum-beating from Zenith Radio corporation on behalf of Phonevision, its pay-TV offspring. The FCC's action was its response to Zenith's petition of last fall for immediate approval of subscription TV on a trial basis, without prolonged hearings first. (In 1952, Zenith filed a petition for hearings, but nothing came of it).

The invitation to submit opinions included the public, and so heavy was the mail that the original deadline of May 9 was extended for a month. Even the city council here took note of the issue and adopted a resolution favoring pay-TV.

Subscription TV is offered as television's salvation from the anguish of ever-mounting production costs and the onus of a mediocre product. Advertising, it is claimed, has gone about as far as it can go in subsidizing television, while the medium is due for a climactic development that will filter its offerings to suit the taste. The cost would be levied directly on the public, which is supposed to be more than ready to pay for it. Pay-TV, therefore, is seen as television's logical destiny.

The enraged opposition, which sees pay-TV as a voracious monster about to gobble up the best programs and



air time, is sure it is not. The air we see, it says, should remain free and the competition inherent in the sponsored-program setup should continue as a matter of principle — and economics.

The programs themselves, pay-TV boosters say, are those that a sponsor, or even a combination of sponsors, either will not or can not pay for, like premiere showings of films from Hollywood or plays from Broadway, and opera, ballet and sports events which now are visible only in stadiums, theaters and closed-circuit television shows. Free TV under the new order goes on as usual — if indeed free it is. All that advertisers are able to pay for is still available.

Subscription TV will cure a financially crippled entertainment business, put a glow in the cheeks of sorely



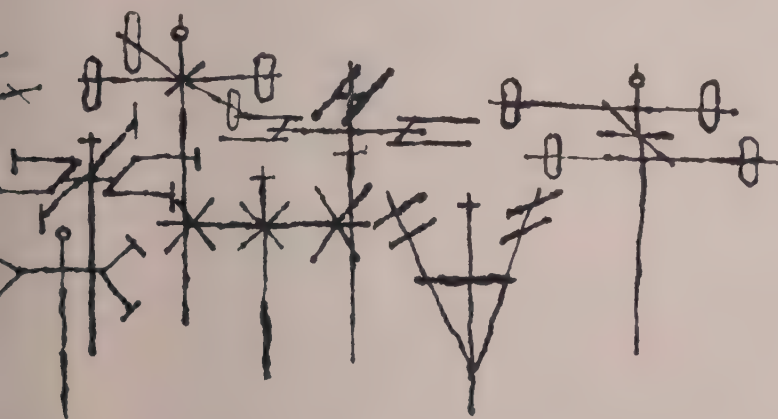
Eugene F. McDonald Jr., head of Zenith Radio, is greatest pusher of pay-TV idea, especially Phonevision, which his company has worked on for 24 years.

et station managers and provide a manza for advertisers in reduced es from the stations. All this and re is promised as the FCC prepares siff whys and why not.

Clearly, the size of the television ertiser's bill is growing every day. y-TV people like to point to the ch-pointed-to Broadway produc- of *Peter Pan*, which was brought free TV audiences this year. The y Martin color telecast cost two nsors an estimated \$600,000.

n contrast, the argument for pay- contends, 20 million subscribers ould have unscrambled their pic- tubes at 25 cents a TV set, for a ss of 5 million dollars. No sponsor ld hope to match that.

With such enormous potential it no wonder that some film produc- like Sam Goldwyn here and Sir xander Korda abroad, are calling scription TV inevitable. Five years o Cecil B. DeMille took a leading ition on the subject when he com- mented, "I have always thought that mately the theater must come into home. It may be thru McDonald's onvision."



Phonevision was the first workable y-TV system. It was developed by ith, whose president, Eugene F. Donald jr., is probably the great- single force behind subscription

McDonald is giving it everything s got, and McDonald is an enthus- ic, patient and dangerous partisan. He has not hesitated to use angry rds against Harold E. Fellows, sident of the National Association Radio and Television Broadcasters, o last January sent a letter to the C asking that it delay action on scription TV.

He has tangled with David Sarnoff, sman of the Radio Corporation of erica, who sees pay-TV as an ugly ruder in the mathematically lovely den of American broadcasting. Zenith and RCA are old enemies,

having been in court since 1946 over antitrust and patent licensing issues).

During the spring McDonald cancelled Zenith's contract with CBS for *Omnibus*, which it had helped to sponsor for 22 weeks, because CBS refused to allow a commercial for pay-TV on the program. Later Zenith tried to buy one-minute announcements on the five NBC television stations. NBC refused to sell, but offered Zenith 15 minutes of free time to expound its views. Equal time would go to the opposition, NBC said.

Both networks took the stand that subscription TV is not a product but a controversial issue, and that it should be treated as such. McDonald accused CBS of imposing "arbitrary and unwarranted censorship." Later, Zenith's local FM station, WEFM, blossomed out with brief announce- ments urging those with a view on pay-TV to write to the FCC.

It is perhaps fitting in this deadly serious, but somehow madcap, struggle that McDonald, in 1923 (three years after he joined Zenith), helped launch sponsored broadcasting.

He was then head of the brand-

He put subscription TV to its first public test in a 90-day tryout here in 1951. Films two and more years old were beamed one-a-day to 300 test families on the North Side from Zenith's antenna atop the Field building. All the films had completed first, second, and third runs in local movie houses. The picture was scrambled or "jittered" but the sound was not — at first.

The test families, chosen from more than 50,000 which volunteered, paid a dollar for each film they saw. McDonald gleefully reported that they went to the movies at home at almost four times the national average. Ninety-nine per cent paid up, altho there was no way to enforce collections other than cutting off the service. All of them said they wanted the system continued.

THE EXPERIMENT, McDonald declared, "astonished our optimists and astounded our skeptics."

Figures for the first 30 days of the test were discarded by the University of Chicago public opinion research center to diminish the effect of novelty. Home movie going decreased after a whirlwind start, then rose again during the last month. (A top-flight boxing match on free TV drew off most of the test audience one night, it was reported).

What delighted Zenith people most, perhaps, was the high incidence of film watching in homes without means of unscrambling the picture. In front of as many as 12,000 Chicago sets, viewers put up with the ravaged image and followed the movies by listening to the sound — until it, too, was scrambled.

The Phonevision system used in the four-year-old test employed telephone lines to decode the scrambled picture. The subscriber ordered his program by phone, and the decoding signal was sent from the transmitter over the telephone line to the TV set.

Zenith now uses an electronic system called Aircode, in which all decoding signals are sent over the air. The viewer decodes the picture by adjusting dials on a box on the back of the set. It works much like a combination lock. The scrambling gear, which distorts both the picture and sound, also transmits an unscrambling key directly to the set.

Company engineers describe the system as "randomized" and defy anyone to try to break it. They say it would be impossible for neighboring subscribers to exchange useful information.

In Zenith's plans, cutomers would pay in several ways: The credit subscriber pokes out paper windows in

new National Association of Broadcasters, after participating in its organization. A publisher, left with a quantity of "unsaleable" magazines, agreed to give the N.A.B. \$1,000 if McDonald could sell the copies over the air. There were few cities with radio stations then, and many of the broadcasters refused to participate. Magazines were placed where facilities were obtained, however, and for three nights articles from the issue were read and listeners directed to news-stands. The sellout that followed, Zenith claims, was the start of the first regular advertising program conducted over a group of radio stations.

The Commander, as McDonald is known from his World War I rank in naval intelligence, is adept at such dramatic demonstrations.

PHONEVISION



a 50 program card mailed to him each month along with a bill for the preceding period. The cash customer drops coins into a box attached to the decoding mechanism, or buys a decoding card from a public vending machine.

The only subscribers who would use the phone system would be a few selected for survey and research purposes. A "small scale" computer that "remembers" about 120,000 code combinations is used for sampling of telephone customers. It computes both the decoding number and the price of the program and lights up this information for the operator, who relays it to the subscriber.

The telephone sampling system enables the pay-TV merchant to estimate his gross on a particular show ahead of time. It also tells him in advance whether a program bears repeating — economically speaking. This is significant.

What scares most movie exhibitors is the possibility that pay-TV will become a serious box office competitor. They envision a day when a pay-TV monopoly would control everything on film and nearly everything that walks, breathes, and squints into a scrambled picture.

McDonald admits that pay-TV may hurt some of the smaller, peripheral movie houses, but he insists that they are already in trouble within the film industry itself. Their physical and financial limitations make it difficult to bring in new developments like wide screen. Population shifts account for lagging audiences, too.

If other exhibitors are screaming within their own industry because they are getting a poor product, and

McDonald thinks they are screaming, the answer lies in a bigger bankroll for production. And his solution to that is the premiere showing of films on subscription television.

Projecting the 1951 test figures against an audience of ten million set owners (out of a possible 33 million now, 50 million in five years), McDonald figures the producer's average net return per picture at \$1,250,000, the best return at nearly \$3,000,000 and the poorest average net at around \$600,000, the cost of a network *Peter Pan*.

The 90-day test, into which Zenith fed nearly a million dollars, was supplemented last summer by technical tests over WOR-TV, New York, which did not involve the public directly. Both trials were part of McDonald's effort to put over some system of subscription TV, an effort which antedates by far the formal unveiling of Phonevision in 1947.

A MEMORANDUM from the Commander to his engineers in 1931, when television was a Sunday supplement word, directed them to investigate the possibilities of letting the public pay for programs it wished to see. The suggestion was based on a rather farsighted appraisal of what TV costs were likely to be once the laboratory toy of 1931 got wound up.

How much has 24 years of research in pay-TV cost Zenith? A rough calculation is 10 million dollars. What FCC approval of subscription TV would bring into the Zenith cash register is incalculable. With dozens of engineers and researchers devoting their full time to its system, and 30 patents (50 more in the works), the

company has much at stake. Once in gear the new industry is expected to do an annual business in the billions.

Others have much to gain, too.

Since Zenith's public experiment two other companies have entered the pay-TV field. One is Skiatron TV Inc., a New York organization, which has asked that any system authorized be restricted to ultra high frequency stations for a period of three years. A score of UHF stations, anxious for survival, have backed the Zenith proposal in their own petitions for a pay-TV system, and others have filed approval of the Skiatron petition.

The third firm, International Telemeter corporation, which is more than half owned by Paramount Pictures, has conducted closed-circuit tests of its system. Telemeter uses the coin box approach, while Skiatron recommends a punch card system.

Zenith sees subscription TV as an electronic delivery service that is "the nearest thing to a brand-new, unique, unprecedented, and almost literally revolutionary economic function to enter the American economy in a long time." This is the view presented by Dr. Millard C. Faught, the firm's trouble-shooting economic consultant.

The difficulty with free TV, says Dr. Faught, is that it has no intrinsic economics of its own. Like radio, it has been subsidized by advertising, which, with mounting costs now and even greater ones coming in the color TV age, is groaning under the burden. Subscription TV, with its own built-in economic system, can shoulder much of the load.

In bitter difficulty now are small stations in areas where the outlook for advertising income is bleak. Large unaffiliated stations in big city markets also are unable to compete favorably with network stations. Pay-TV proposes to provide new and profitable business for them.

Economic problems plaguing the legitimate theater, opera and symphony, as well as the sports world, are seen as solved once the stage and the arena move into the home via the living room box office.

As for educational television, with only subsidies and tax funds to depend upon, it is no wonder (to Zenith) that less than a dozen educational stations are operating in a potential field of 252. Subscription revenue from a few hours of courses and special programs would enable these stations to offer free programs for students and "cultural minorities" during the rest of the week.

The annual cost of operating an educational station has been placed at from \$300,000 to more than a million dollars. With this base figure in

design by Larry Klein



mind, it has been suggested that only two per cent of local viewers, paying a dollar a week for certain programs (courses to concerts), could support most stations of that kind adequately.

One of the most energetic of subscription TV's supporters is actor Ralph Bellamy who, as president of Actors Equity association, is vociferous in his demands that actors get a better deal in the hit-or-flop economy of the theater. Following Zenith's lead, he has written and talked pay-TV as the hope of the legitimate stage.

From an actor's viewpoint, Bellamy is optimistic over the possibility that subscription TV might boom the number of Broadway productions, which has fallen to less than half of what it was 20 years ago. The average nationwide income of actors in recent seasons has been about \$800 a year, according to Bellamy, and the average annual earnings of those who worked 26 weeks or more, less than \$6,000.

Altho regular TV provides work for some actors, Bellamy feels that it is drawing on the theater without contributing to it. Free TV is continuing to draw audiences from the theater, and yet it is unable financially to buy first night performances for national showing. That's why Bellamy is theater anchor man for subscription TV. The two can do a lot for each other, he thinks, and without commercials.

Along the way he is plugging closed-circuit theater TV as a step in the right direction. But to him the accomplishment of 30 TV theaters, which grossed more than \$150,000 in showing the Metropolitan Opera's *Carmen* several years ago, was insignificant compared with the poten-

tial of the box office in the living room.

Bellamy argues, for example, that whereas 400,000 persons might see a smash hit on Broadway during a year's run, 20 times that number might see a premiere alone via pay-TV. (For one thing, pay-TV would reach a large potential audience, kept home by illness, age or responsibility).

He is fond of citing Dr. Faught's point that if all set owners paid only the price of a bus ride to and from a theater as admission fee to *South Pacific* on TV, the total revenue would "far exceed all that this great musical show grossed five years on Broadway." Bellamy stresses Dr. Faught's clincher: "And millions of people will still want to see the play itself."

THIS IS THE POINT that pay-TV proponents drive home again and again: that a premiere seen by millions on TV deprives neither theatrical nor movie houses of a great percentage of their potential audiences.

Exhibitors in Pennsylvania pounced on Walt Disney when he showed his film, *Davy Crockett*, in three installments on his ABC television show, *Disneyland*. Yet it is reported that the movie is benefiting from the advance publicity.

Disney possibly has pulled off TV's boldest publicity coup in the format of *Disneyland*, which plugs past and future cartoon and adventure films. If so, it may be that a reevaluation of television is in order, the question be-

ing whether TV is simply an exciting entertainment medium, or more effective as a means of promoting a product native to another medium.

Pay-TV partisans hope both answers are correct. Pay-TV has got to be good enough to get people to buy it, and at the same time it is touted as the best possible advertisement for going outside the home to see the same show later.

Zenith's astute public relations men have sought attention ravenously and unashamedly, and McDonald's opponents have learned—slowly at first, then fast—to fight back in the same way.

There have been some brutally sharp debates.

Dr. Faught heard theater owner Alfred Starr, co-chairman of the Organization for Free TV, a group composed largely of movie exhibitors, call pay-TV a "slot machine in your home to see exactly what you are getting now for free," during a heated wrangle at the National Press club in Washington, D. C., last April. In a question from the audience, Starr was asked if movies should have been banned because they had an adverse effect on vaudeville. He said no.

In another rapid-fire session, Truman T. Rembusch, outspoken Midwest chairman of the Free TV group, clashed on basic points with Joseph S. Wright, general counsel for Zenith.

The debate, which originated from WGN, made one thing clear: that Wright and Rembusch each repre-

In Phonevision test here four years ago, free loaders put up with scrambled images of old movies and listened; those who paid saw clear picture. Scramble patterns have been changed since then.



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 Maurice Evans & Co. in 3 excerpts from "King Richard III"
 The Beloit Poetry Journal presenting Chinese poetry
 Playwrights Theatre Club productions of "The Trial of Lucullus" by Bertold Brecht, and Jean Cocteau's "Antigone"
 A reading of Dante's "The Inferno" — Cantos 1 thru 8
 "Poetry Magazine on the Air"
 Dame Edith Sitwell and Peter Pears narrating Walton's "Facade"

COMPLETE OPERAS, CHORAL WORKS, OPERATTAS, AND MUSICALS . . .

Gilbert Highet talks on "People, Places and Books"
 Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges"
 Mozart's "The Magic Flute"
 Brahms' "A German Requiem, Op. 45"
 Sir Compton Mackenzie narrating "Beaux and Belles"
 Faure's "Requiem"
 Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanne"
 "Guys and Dolls," "Kiss Me Kate," and "Carousel"
 Verdi's "La Forza del Destino"
 Menotti's "The Saint of Bleeker Street"
 "Te Deum" by Bruckner
 Kathleen Ferrier singing "Das Lied von der Erde" by Mahler
 Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana"
 "Mass in C," K. 317 ("Coronation") by Mozart

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sent, as the latter put it, "a very selfish interest." Rembusch, a theater owner and television station owner in Indiana, charged that Zenith, far from having the interests of set owners at heart, is eager to show them a *Peter Pan* only in order to gather in "for its own selfish interests some five million dollars for the broadcasters and for Zenith radio patent holders."

Who is going to pay for pay-TV's *Peter Pans*? asked Rembusch. His answer: the public.

Bitterly he forecast the inevitable result of toll-TV, according to what he called the "natural laws of competition in show business": the most popular programs on commercial television would be outbid by the pay-as-you-see medium, and the quality of free television would deteriorate endlessly.

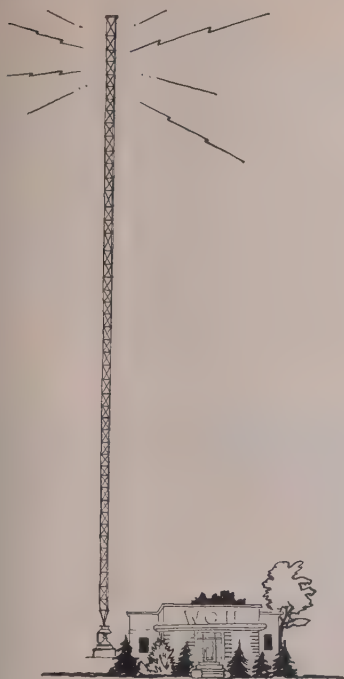
He attacked Zenith for attempting to introduce an "entire new philosophy" of broadcasting without regard for its possibly disastrous effects on the nation's economy. In fact, said Rembusch, "I have very serious doubts about your motives because



you promise many things to different people and all things to all kinds of people."

When it was done there wasn't much likelihood that anyone in the audience would put pay-TV down as a philanthropy or its opposition as a selfless crusader, even obliquely. These were obviously powerful adversaries, and the stakes were high — no highbrow.

Wright spoke insistently in a familiar pattern: Theater television had taken away heavyweight championship fights and the opera, and wa



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Homes Each
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**Take the Tip!
Do What Most
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Tune in WGN
Every Day of
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WGN

720

ON YOUR RADIO

getting ready to take away the World series. Pay-TV would bring these things back — at much less cost to the viewer.

He asked Rembusch why he objected to TV getting subscriber revenue when every newspaper and magazine in the country depends upon it to supplement advertising revenue; and he laid on the table what may be Zenith's winning card when he said Zenith would ask the FCC to limit the number of hours a station could devote to the pay-see medium. The suggested maximum is between ten and 15 hours a week.

The subscription system would be available to all TV stations, which are, next to the individual viewer, nearest the heart of Zenith's public resolve in behalf of mankind and its own personal box office.

However, the viewer well may wonder why he should pay for entertainment via a TV set he bought with the understanding that everything he heard and saw over it would be free from then on.

He may tell himself that if he pays for one box-office-type show, regular TV will stand that much less chance of ever improving, as he now might expect it to do.

The viewer may forego putting money into the TV slot on the theory that if he doesn't pay, regular TV some day may bring it to him free.

In spite of these natural and ever ready responses, the fact remains that the best in sports, movies and the arts is housed away from the home, is shown to customers who travel to see it, and that despite falling attendance, the best — even the none too good — will stay aloof in public places.

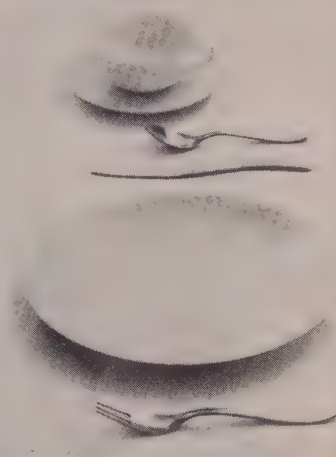
The best now comes into the living



Scrambling TV picture and sound requires two cabinets full of wires and tubes.

Picture credits: page 42, United Press; pages 45 & 47, Zenith Radio corporation.

Argberg



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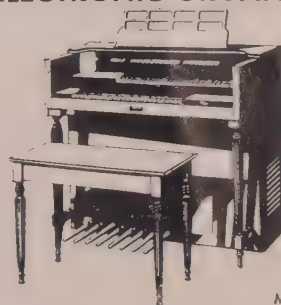
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room only when an advertiser beckons with a wad of money for TV time and a sizeable audience. Advertisers, notoriously budget-minded, seldom can pay the freight, especially when it comes in all colors.

Because of the limits to what a sponsor can spend for television these days, he is careful to buy broadcasting time in the markets where he can reach the most viewers with the smallest outlay — in densely populated metropolitan areas. Using only a dozen stations, for example, an advertiser can reach roughly half of the television homes in America.

IN PRACTICE, the sponsor uses many more than a dozen stations if he avails himself of network facilities, because the major networks require him to take a certain number of affiliates. But he can still use fewer than 100 stations and reach 80 per cent of all TV sets.

Zenith never fails to drive home this point: that altho nearly 2,000 channels have been assigned by the FCC, there are only a little more than 400 stations on the air.

With advertising advantages going to the networks and big city stations, a sizeable number of UHF and some very high frequency stations — particularly in smaller communities — have failed and have suspended operation or have returned their construction permits. UHF stations are at an extra disadvantage because of the reluctance of owners of VHF receivers (most of the older sets) to convert them for UHF reception.

Zenith, steadily citing these economic facts, is eager to save the smaller stations by making available to them an extra source of income — subscription TV.

Free TV? Nonsense, says Zenith. The networks and the advertisers are dictating how many stations there shall be and which areas will get them.

Pay-TV would make broadcasting profitable for these stations, eliminate the tightening grasp of the networks, allow more stations to operate in small communities and enable all of them to reduce rates, to the benefit of the advertiser. All this Zenith sees in its electronic crystal ball.

For McDonald and his company it has been a gruelling fight, and something of a "this year or never" spirit pervades the camp. As one Zenith executive said, "If your wife turned you down the first time you asked her to marry you, you know that it's much more difficult to get a yes answer the second time."

In rejecting Zenith's request for immediate authorization, the FCC

Sunday, June 12

tab this as preview day for the newest, most talked-about, dynamic idea in radio history... it's

MONITOR

Make it a point to enjoy NBC Radio's exciting new MONITOR over WMAQ each and every weekend... beginning early Saturday morning and continuing around the clock thru late Sunday night.

Here's revitalized radio, using the medium's great capabilities for speed, mobility and flexibility to take you anywhere in the world to hear and enjoy worthwhile radio service.

What's it like riding in the new atom-powered sub? What goes on during a TV or stage rehearsal? What's the fine-print meaning under the day's headlines? Such special events PLUS the whole retinue of traditional radio service — music, sports, weather, time and news — are yours when you're at the 670 spot on the dial for MONITOR every Saturday and Sunday.

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670



NEW BABY! HOW WONDERFUL!

This is the moment to go sentimental: Welcome the baby — congratulate the parents with

Our Baby

Plak-Lite
Nite-Lite



- Background finished in beautiful baby colors!
- Washable!
- Base: 12" x 3 1/4" x 1" — Height: 8"
- A place for baby's birth record!
- A frame for baby's picture!
- A planter for your favorite plant!
- Excellent night light — 7 watt!
- Underwriters approved!
- Commended by PARENTS Magazine!
- Pink shoe for girl — blue for boy!
- Price — \$4.95 Ppd. (No C.O.D.'s please!)

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Enclosed is check-cash-money order

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To _____

At _____

City _____

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(Baby's Name)

Enclose gift card from _____

Orders filled on day received!

The **MARWIN Co.**
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said it is not appropriate now to authorize subscription TV stations "on a case to case basis."

Three questions appeared to puzzle it: Is pay-TV in the public interest? Would the public continue to get well balanced programming on commercial TV? Does it have power to sanction pay-TV under present laws?

The last question is an indication that should the FCC doubt it, the matter is likely to wind up in Congress, where there has been talk already of broadening the laws, if necessary, to accommodate pay-TV.

McDonald has asserted that there would be plenty of time for the government to write a subscription TV code before the system began operating — Phonevision, some other system or a combination of several. It would be several years, probably, after the go-ahead until pay-TV's in-



involved hookup could be organized sufficiently to start selling programs.

In the meantime Zenith has set up a separate company known as TECO — Television Entertainment Company, Inc. — which has never paid a dividend, but which will become the primary franchise holder if subscription TV is okayed. It will distribute and license transmitting equipment, arrange for fees, supply programs.

Local franchise organizations will operate all coding apparatus, permitting the broadcaster to operate without additional equipment, and will collect the gross box office revenue from the subscriber, deduct a percentage and distribute the rest to the broadcaster and the program supplier. Zenith will manufacture sets and decoding equipment.

Until a decision is reached, Zenith's biggest job is to find an answer on subscription TV to satisfy everyone, but it has had a lot of practice at that.

For the individual viewer, the fate of pay-TV may be decided in a matter of months. For McDonald, who has waited 24 years to get Phonevision this far, it could be the most trying time of all.

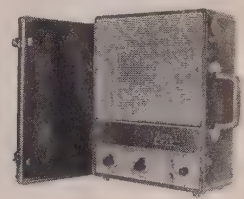
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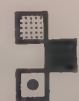
And, as the perfect companion, Ampex introduces its own amplifier-speaker, the 620. Never before has a sound system so small given such remarkably realistic reproduction.

*Engineered for years
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NO OTHER LIGHTWEIGHT RECORDER CAN MATCH THIS COMBINATION OF SPECIFICATIONS AND FEATURES

- Frequency Response 40 to 15,000 cps ± 4 db
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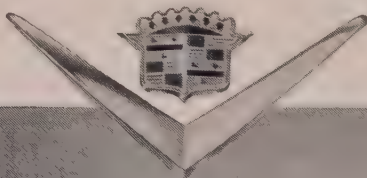
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This, as you can see, is a very special occasion. And so we feel certain that—having a choice—they'll take the Cadillac.

And what a happy choice it will be!

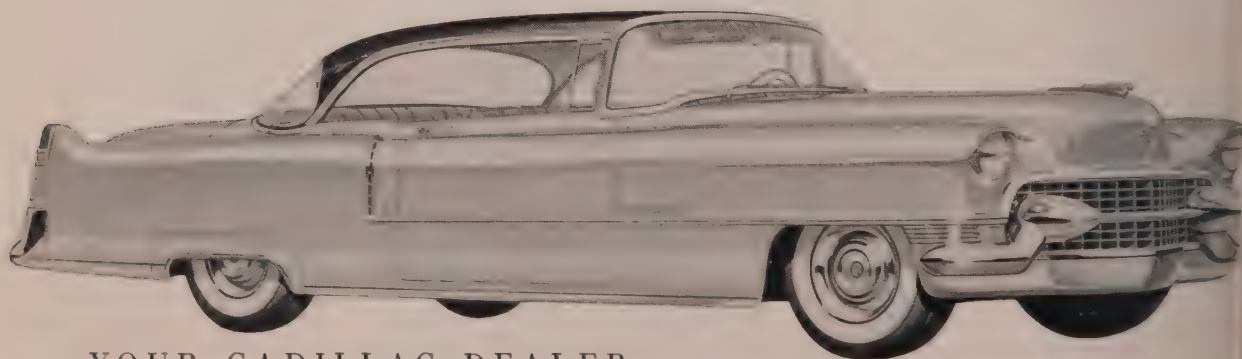
How *proud* they'll be, for instance, when they arrive in the "car of cars"—and find themselves the subject of admiring glances on every hand.

And how rested and relaxed! For no matter how

far their journey might be, they'll reach their destination refreshed . . . and eager for the evening's activities.

We think you'll understand the reasons for this yourself—once you've spent an hour at the wheel of a new 1955 Cadillac. Why not accept our invitation to come in and do so—soon?

You'll be entirely welcome at any time!



YOUR CADILLAC DEALER

The Blue Pool

a short story by James Biery

When I was younger I thought about the blue pool, its cool water; but later I lost the desire I once had to lie forever in its cool blueness. I went that one afternoon only because a girl, paired off with me at a wedding I attended during an inequent vacation from college and summer jobs, was a member of the club. She, Sue Burke, was nice-looking, tanned and leggy. So, when the champagne ran out toward noon and several of her friends decided we could sustain our glow by swimming, I went with her.

The pool sparkled on the terrace below the hill from Riverton country club. Its water was sharply cold, but the effect was to increase the champagne warmth and feeling of completeness. The three or four couples splashed water, played tag, and were more sure carted from the high board. After a while, Sue spread a beach towel over the grass. We lay on it, quiet, pleasantly exhausted, and I felt drowsy as the sun warmed my back and the champagne energy subsided. Tho I had never had luck with the few girls I had met at country clubs, that afternoon I thought it was very pleasant to be 21 and be lying beside a good-looking girl in a blue bathing suit near a blue swimming pool.

The pool lay in front of us. Below it, a golf course stretched into a valley. To our right, by the first tee, caddies stood well behind a foursome, resting canvas or leather bags against their legs.

As the sharp crack of the last drive sent them scurrying past us, down onto the fairway, I remembered Bundie Johnson and the summer we caddied at the club. In the remembering, too, were glimpses of Lee Wilson — a man I'd seen, early one Sunday morning when I was 14, had sat in one of the chairs overlooking the terrace, pool and golf course and put a revolver, barrel first, into his mouth and pulled the trigger.

Bundie had asked: "I wonder why he did it?" Neither of us had known the answer then, tho we had heard the rumors. Lying beside Sue Burke on the beach towel that bright afternoon and knowing I probably would never swim in the blue pool again with her, I still didn't know the answer to Bundie's question. But I thought about it.

Seven years before, when I asked about caddying, my Uncle Charlie was at the house. He had got mad. "Leta," he said to my mother, "are you going to let that kid run around out there with those muckymucks?" He waited, scowling. When she didn't answer, I said, "I'm only going to caddy, Unc. What's wrong with that?" Then, desperately, to convince him, I said, "I can make a lot of money on tips."

He laughed harshly. "Sure, you can make a lot of money. Listen to me, sonny boy, you start hanging around with that crowd out there, you'll get so even the hogs won't have you." He looked mean at my mother. "Drinking, gambling and Lord knows what other carrying on, that's what they do. I know men out there. You want John to see that?"

Unc gets mad easily. No one paid attention to him when he was steamed up, and mother was not really listening. When he finished and was standing with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, she said, "No, John shouldn't see those things." That

quieted him. After he left, I explained that I would be caddying mostly mornings, that I could buy a bike, and that Bundie Johnson's mother let him: Bundie's mother went to our church. So mother said, "All right. Only don't drink or hang around where they gamble."

It was a very good summer. Bundie and I got to the club early, when the dew glistened, and if we carried an early round walked barefoot thru the cool, wet grass. Toward eleven o'clock, when the sun scorched and the fairways steamed and no one played, Art, the pro, let us drive off third tee into the valley. We took turns shagging balls. We got sandwiches made with tunafish or cold roast beef — whatever the cook had left from a party — and sat noons under the caddyhouse. We shot craps, sometimes. But that was the only gambling I saw. Saturdays we heard about the Friday night smokers, and who dropped a couple of hundred, or picked up a thousand. But Uncle Charlie had the wrong idea, I thought then, because a couple of hundred to some of the members was like two pennies to me. Mornings were fun; the afternoons were not. But afternoons I made money. There were always parties: some for women, when we didn't make money and wasted time hunting balls, but more often for men. If men played, I made five, ten dollars, depending on how many rudels my man won.

OF ALL THE GUYS I caddied for, Lee Wilson was one of the best. He was tall, had curly hair and was built like Doc Blanchard. When he hit a ball it went. He took care of the swimming pool. I mean like a lot of the members he looked after a job at the club. He saw that the pool was filtered and cleaned. His regular job was being foreman or engineer at the mill. Most times I caddied for him he won: he was a good golfer. But he didn't smile when the rest paid off. "Just getting



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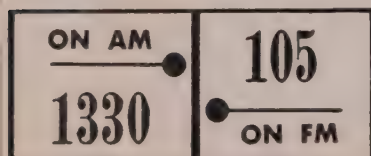
105

Broadcast Simultaneously

Sunday

4:30 - 5:30

Your Good Music Station



even," he would say, pocketing most of the money, maybe giving me two ones.

"Thanks, Mr. Wilson," I always said. Then he would smile and say to whoever was at the counter of the caddyshop, "Give John, here, a can of that chocolate drink." A lot of guys were like that: call them Mr. so-and-so, or always have the right iron out for them, they were worth a little more money. But some of the others, some of the older members like Mr. Burke, who was a big shot at the mill and played with Lee Wilson, I couldn't get more than a buck a round out of them even if I stood on my head and coughed Spalding Dots. Some guys were tight.

Lee Wilson sometimes drove out to the club at noon. He would come walking fast by the caddyshop down to the pumphouse to check the filters. He wore old clothes, the ones he needed at the mill. He would check the charts, spin the valve-wheels, write a note for the lifeguard about the chlorinator. I'd hang around the pumphouse until he finished. Then I'd say, "Want me to get you a sandwich, Mr. Wilson? Got roast beef today."

"No," he would say and reach in his pocket, fishing out a dollar. "But you can bring me a beer, and get something for yourself." Mr. Burke or some of them would do that in a month of Sundays. I'd bring him a beer, buy myself a milkshake. Then I'd sit with him on the terrace and he'd tell me how he played the tough ones. A half-hour later he would rush away, climbing into his car, leaving gravel dust settling on the drive.

THAT'S THE WAY the summer went. One night Uncle Charlie was at the house for supper. He noticed the tan on my face and arms and began in about me working at the club. "Making a lot of money, are you?" I thought at first he was mad, but he wasn't. "Well," he said, "it keeps you outside, anyway." Now that he wasn't mad I told him about caddying. I mentioned Lee Wilson.

"Wilson . . ." My uncle put his knife down. "So you think that fool is a fine man." He looked accusingly at my mother. "I told you the kind of people John would be with, didn't I?"

"But . . ." I tried to explain about the two bucks and the chocolate drink.

"No buts," my uncle said. "Lee Wilson is a fool. They got him out at that club to run errands for them — Burke and that crowd."

"You got it wrong, Unc. Mr. Wilson runs the pool. He plays golf with Mr. Burke."

Unc was really mad. "You don't see your mother or me out there, do you?"

I probably make as much as Wilson, but that wouldn't be enough to keep up. Lee Wilson hasn't got a pot. He can't afford that place."

I tried again to tell Unc that Lee Wilson was pretty important — like how Mr. Burke always said: "Damn good shot, Lee. But I'm going to beat you yet." But he never did, because Lee Wilson was too good. Or how Mr. Burke always smiled when Mrs. Wilson would meet him and Lee on the terrace. That would show Unc that Lee Wilson was all right.

"Look," Unc said, "I work with him. He's got the idea he's a damn lot better than the rest of us. He makes the same money, does the same work. He may be a big man out at the club, but his men laugh at him. He's a mill foreman — that's all. They got him doing 'quality control' they call it. Stool pigeon is what he is." My uncle shook his head. "He could be a good engineer, but he's ruining himself fooling around. Burke won't promote him because he plays good golf."

That was that. I let Unc believe what he wanted.

Then one day — it was hot, like a furnace room at the mill — we came in from 18 holes. I limped along behind Lee Wilson as he walked to the pool. Everyone in was laughing, splashing, having a good time. The water looked cool and was the bluest I had ever seen.

"Say, Ann," he called to a girl about my age, swimming at the far end. "Keep that kick going." Her feet barely broke water, but she turned and came toward us fast.

"Good girl," he called to her. She waved and swam off to the fight around an innertube. He walked on smiling. "That's my Ann," he said. "She's the best swimmer out here." My shoulder itched where the strap from his bag rubbed it. Even if Unc had been right — about Lee Wilson — I still wished Unc belonged to the club. I wanted to swim in that cool blue pool. It was blue like a jewel store diamond.

The next time Lee Wilson came out to check the pumps, I asked him about the water.

"Why is it so blue?"

He stopped writing on the pad and laughed.

"We use blue water," he said. "It's very expensive. But it's the best the is."

A couple of mornings later I took a sandwich down to the lifeguard. They had drained the pool the night before and he was filling it. The sides of the pool were painted blue and reflected the color into the water. I asked the lifeguard about it.

"Mr. Wilson was just kidding you."

said. "He had the blue paint put the sides himself. He made it look whatever it looks like."

I never said anything to Lee Wilson; he had been kidding me; he knew why the water was blue. Then was Labor Day and the club closed except for smokers. I was going to school and down to Kiner's for cokes afterward with Bundie Johnson and the rest of the guys.

It was down at Kiner's after school on Monday I heard Lee Wilson had killed himself. Some man standing by the grill talking to Mr. Kiner said, "Yeah, a farmer driving by found him. He'd been gambling, losing money." "Those birds will hush it up," Mr. Kiner said, "you can bet your life on that."

"I wonder will his insurance pay?" "Not on suicide," Mr. Kiner said.

Bundie and I rode out to the club at afternoon. We sat high on the terrace and Bundie had asked: "I wonder why he did it?" I had looked at it and thought about what Lee Wilson had said about the pool. I won-

dered if he had seen, when he put the gun in his mouth, that the water wasn't blue at all. I wondered if he had seen it was only the color he had made it.

THAT OTHER afternoon, when I was lying next to Sue Burke and remembering how I had caddied for her father and Lee Wilson and how I wanted to swim in the blue pool, I speculated on what Lee would have said could he have seen me then, lying there just as comfortable as if I belonged because, unlike him, I didn't give a damn.

As I thought, Sue stretched, then jumped to her feet, tucking blonde hair inside her swimcap.

She prodded me with a toe, dancing around.

"What are you dreaming about?" she asked.

"The water isn't blue at all."

"Of course it isn't, silly. Who ever thought it was?" She laughed and reached down with slick brown arms to pull me from the grass.

The Pigeons

Aloof from the traffic and the noon parades,
Apart from the shoppers at windows, on sills above
The revolving doors, in endless balustrades,
Paces Columba, the augur of peace, the dove.

Paces and mourns and her choir of kin attend her,
Their bobbing heads powered by clockwork springs,
While filtered light spreads opalescent splendor,
Fitful and sad along their necks and wings.

Remote, Corinthian, topping pillar and pier,
They spill their classic syllables of grief
Into the Gargoyle's twisted and skeptic ear,
The sooty whorl of the stone acanthus leaf.

"Old, old, old," they seem to say. "We are older
Than time. We remember the Ziggurat and the ark.
We have wept on the Parthenon's unyielding shoulder.
We have told our woe on the gate of the Travertine park."

Descend, oh pigeons, from your tower of pity,
From office building and shop we have come with alms.
There's hope for you here in a bright and windy city
Where the citizens wait with peanuts in their palms.

Jessica Nelson North

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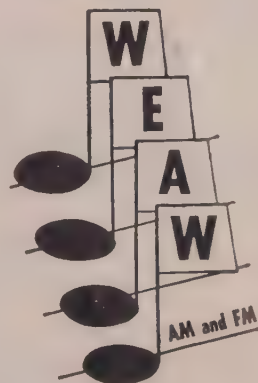
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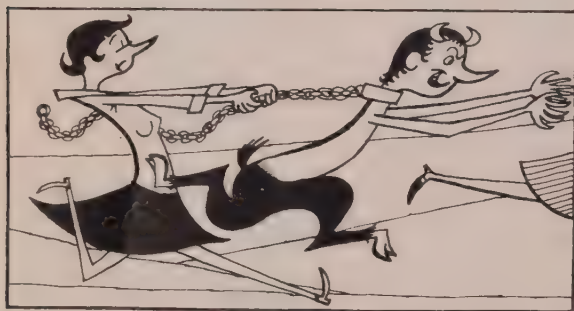
By Aunt Philanders

DEAR AUNT PHILANDERS: Several years ago, when I was 18, I went to a party where liquor was served. At first I refused drinks, but finally I took one. That night I let a man hold my hand. One thing led to another and now I am a rich, well-adjusted Winnetka housewife with four lovely children. Fie on you and your crackpot counsel.

ECSTATIC

He who laughs last laughs best, Mrs. Wise Guy. Sixty years from now you'll be old and wrinkled, the children will all have married and left home, and Winnetka will be torn down for the outer drive extension. But some apprentice rewrite man will still be conducting this column.

DEAR AUNT PHILANDERS: I am very much in love with a young man in our neighborhood and he says



"A disease that sounds like 'satyriasis'."

he loves me, too. But he says he has an incurable disease that sounds like "satyriasis," and that people who have this illness can never get married. Please advise me.

ANXIOUS

Simmer down, simpleton. No doubt he means psoriasis, which is a relatively harmless skin disease that can easily be cured. Go ahead and get married.

DEAR MRS. PHILANDERS: Do you think it's fair for an older sister (62) to take advantage of two younger sisters (13 and 8)?

DOWNTRODDEN

Yes, vixen.

DEAR MRS. PHILANDERS, or whoever you are. I've heard that you don't even exist. If you do, why don't you run a picture of yourself to prove it.

SUSPICIOUS

What's the matter, varlet, don't you like our cartoons? Anyway, I haven't shaved for a week, and besides I'm a fugitive from the Milwaukee police on a 1923 bootlegging rap.

DEAR AUNT PHILANDERS: Does a girl have to pet to be popular?

PRECOCIOUS, AGE 11

No, *minx*, there's another way, but you'd better stick to petting till you get a little older.

DEAR MRS. PHILANDERS: I am a 15-year-old girl and everybody tells me I am pretty and have a lively personality. But I can't seem to get any dates. I live at the Geneva State Training School for Girls.

BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BECALMED
Be glad you get an occasional prune for breakfast, Miss Smarty Pants. When you've paid your debt to society you can aspire to be a gourmet.

DEAR AUNT PHILANDERS: I am a personable boy aged 17 and have just moved into the city from a small town. How can I meet some nice girls?

LECHEROUS
Sharpen up, hayseed. Get yourself a pair of levis and hang around the front of the nearest poolroom. When a cute chick comes by, say, "Wow twice, some jello mold." You'll be in the social swim in no time.

DEAR MRS. PHILANDERS: I am a 16-year-old girl and have had a happy, carefree childhood, but now I have a problem. Every night that I don't have a date or homework, my mother tries to make me help dry the dishes. I don't see why I should have to do her work and we have had several big arguments about it. She has never laid a hand on me in my life, but now she is threatening to slap my wrist good and hard if I don't do as she says. What should I do?

CRINGING
Don't weaken now, honey-lamb. Your mother is obviously a psychopathic sadist, but if you show no signs of fear and assert your rights vigorously, she'll probably back down like any other bully. If she gets too smart, call the police.

DEAR AUNT PHILANDERS: I am a piano mover and I would like to have my children follow that trade, too. I have been trying to get our 14-year-old daughter to start making the rounds with me and learn to move the pianos. But she refuses to do so and my wife sides with her, saying she should be home scrubbing floors, beating the rugs, sharpening knives and patching the roof. What should I do?

BUMBLING
You should stop letting women run your life, wretch. Tell that lazy brat to learn a little humility, and if she still refuses to help with your work, give her a session with the razor strap. If your wife interferes, clout her in the chops.

DEAR MRS. PHILANDERS: For about the past two years I've become increasingly nervous and full of anxiety all the time. I can't sleep nights and I'm afraid, without knowing what it is that I fear. We are well to do, and my husband keeps urging me to consult a psychoanalyst. What do you think?

FRANTIC
Don't be a dope. Don't you know that only crazy people go to psychiatrists? Your problem isn't really complicated. Just pull yourself together, get a new hat and a facial and you'll be a new woman before you know it.

Your Prognosis, by Aunt Philanders, also appears in *False Confessions*, the *Hobo News* and *La Prensa*.

STRICTLY PONTIFICAL

Feels Sorry for Boobs, Clods

BY WINDY J. HARASS

Surely Platitudinous Protests: Don't tell the kiddies, but no dessert is more delicious than a cold pork chop covered with fudge sauce — especially if washed down with equal portions of Liebfraumilch and Seven-Up.

In my observation of my friends' marriages, the unhappiest are those in which the husband has married the kind of woman that he cannot possibly clout on the jaw, no matter how hopelessly he may be in the wrong.

It is impossible to read recent biographies of F. Scott Fitzgerald without suspecting that his delicate, tho' minor, talent was damaged by excessive drinking.

THE ASTONISHING coarseness of which

the opposite sex is capable is seldom so revoltingly revealed as by the woman who, while dining in a fashionable restaurant, insists on shampooing her hair between courses. To the tumbrils with her!

It has always been obvious to me that W. Shakespeare (author of *Hamlet*) was head and shoulders above his fellow playwrights of the Elizabethan era. I am glad to report that Robert Maynard Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago, feels the same way.

Lord Chesterfield was at his most profound, as well as his most brilliant, when he described a cynic as a man who knows the value of everything and the price of nothing.

THE JADED CAPTAINS of industry and empty young society matrons of our time who are secretly sickened by their inane round of conferences, cocktail parties and fashion shopping, could find a new meaning in life

simply by learning to read the analects of Lom Aakonnu, the pre-Dravidian existentialist of eastern Nigeria, in the original Swahili. It is a depressing commentary on the materialism of our culture that, altho I have given this advice, unasked, on numerous occasions, I do not know of a single person who has ever acted upon it.

Why doesn't some enterprising publisher bring out an anthology of the more perceptive observations of Plotinus, Moses Maimonides, St. Thomas Aquinas, Sir Thomas Browne (author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*), Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Chesterton, Swift, Freud, Ortega y Gasset, Lao Tse, Artemus Ward and other kindred spirits? It should be in handy pocket size, suitable for taking out and reading when trapped into conversation with your hostess at a cocktail party. Such a book, especially if available in free copies for review purposes, would be an unparalleled blessing.

As Alfred North Whitehead observed, it takes a very unusual type of mind to analyze the obvious — but not to repeat it.

SHOWER SNICKER

by Irv Cabinet

BUCKTOWN BANTER: Seen between trains: Hy (Doldrums) Ho, who was crushed by a northbound C. local and the departing Panama Limited. Git well wick, Highboy, the gang at Fritzie's misses your big appetite an' ready cash . . . Add nice gestures: little old lady waving at a friend as she steps in frontuva bus on Town's bizzzy Michigan avenoo th' uther day . . . In th' mail: The Chicago Public liberry postcards, "That Anthology of Durable Anecdotes you borrowed is three months overdue; please return it immediately."

HEGEWISCH HOGWASH: If you'll pardon a personal mention, thanks to the University of South Dakota magazine, *Wasteland*, for the flattering profile of this reporter in the current ishoo . . . Don't say we didn't tellya: A big story about somebody is gonna break in the papers pretty soon . . . Murray (The Dromedary) Humphreys and Jake (All Thumbs) Guzik are denying a kollyumnist's report that they've signed the *Daily Nooz* Youth Rally pledge . . . Watch for a big insurance cumpany to announce building plans for a site near Randolph and Michigan. Remember, you heard it here last!

PORTAGE PARK PALAVER: The Marshall (Mandel Brothers) Fields (She's Mrs. Field) planning a trip to Sweden for the Edinboro Festival (Ah there, Mendefrance) . . . Looks like a lovers' tiff between Spavina Schwartz, th' Club Polyphonic starling, and George Buck-queezer, the emery board magnet. He impaled her on a flaming sword at the Boiler Room the other night . . . Ve like this obsurvashun by Tommy McHam, popular owner of the Singing steak house: "All that glitters is not gold."

CRAGIN CRAWLER: Personal to George (Day Laker) Thompson: Don't forget to leave a note for an

extra quart of milk on your way to work. The Gilhooleys are coming to dinner tonite . . . The four drama kritickz awl revued Rodgers' an' Hammerstein's new musical, *The Bible* (Ah there, God). If you wanna no wut they sed, go to the liberry and look up the back ishous of the papers . . . Now that Barbara Blueblood, the paper klip aires, an' Perry Mutuel, th' race track owner (Ah there, Native Dancer) have announced their separashun, watch for a divorce . . . Recommended reading: "I'm Glad Our Daughter Is a Girl" in this month's *Lip-Movers Digest*; "Does Godfrey Have the H-Bomb?", the new series starting Toosday in the *Sun-Spot*; and if you'll pardon a personal mention, *Sub-Rosa's* profile of this columnist, "He Finds Out About Things."

INGLEWOOD IRRELEVANCIES: It's a boy, Spot, for the Rin Tin Tins (She's Lassie) . . . You'll love this: That story yuh red (Ah there, Karl Marx) yesterday confirms our item of two weeks ago . . . Personal to the *Daily Klaxon*: Not responsible for debts incurred by anyone but myself . . . Add similes: "As snug as a bug in a rug" . . . Didjano: The next Panoramascope theater will be the Rhinestone in Michigan City. They're knocking out the back wall so they can show the pitchur on a san'doon . . . Add metaphors: Life is just a bowl of cherries.

LOGAN SQUARE LOWDOWN: Memo from the world's greatest sekratery: "Dear Mr. Cabinet: I wouldn't think of coming to work for you for \$20 a week and all the hors d'oeuvres I can eat. Besides, you can learn to type if you just put your mind to it." . . . This'll hit you right here: The other night Vic Schnapps, wunatha mixos at the Club Rickey-Tickey, found a wallet containing a hunnerdantwunty skins and idennificashun cards showing it belonged to an Iowa farmer with sevunteen kiddeez. Vic burned the cards and bawt a noo cashmere bar rag . . . Wuz-ya-awara-thuh-fak-that: Dick (Politics) (Ah there, Aristotle) Daley has seven smawl-fri?

(Watch Channel Eight at 9:30 nightly; Irv Cabinet is on Channel Ten.)



questionnaire for businessmen and women

As a person of some standing in your own community, you may already have a charge account at one or two of your favorite restaurants in the city, but do you enjoy the following privileges?

- ☐ DO YOU GET INSTANTANEOUS AND UNQUESTIONED CREDIT AT LEADING RESTAURANTS, NIGHT CLUBS AND HOTELS AT ANY KEY POINT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING SUCH CITIES AND COUNTRIES AS:

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HAWAII
BERMUDA
SWITZERLAND

- ☐ DO YOU SIGN THE CHECK WHEN YOU DINE A BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCE AT HIS FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN A DISTANT TOWN?
- ☐ DO YOU SEND FLOWERS OR A GIFT SIMPLY BY PICKING UP THE PHONE?
- ☐ DO YOU GET A CAR AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, WITH OR WITHOUT A CHAUFFEUR, SENT TO ANY PART OF TOWN YOU MAY BE VISITING?
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Parties a la Cart

by Jean Komaiko

It was a formal party for 30 guests, staged at a total cost of \$68, and the hostess didn't go near the kitchen. Footman stood at the door and butlers surrounded the table.

This was the menu:

Cream of mushroom soup with whipped cream.

Relishes.

Braised sweetbreads with potatoes and peas.

Benedictine sherbet.

Jumbo squabs stuffed with rice and mushrooms.

Tomato farcie.

Meringue glaze, assorted cakes, fruit, cheese.

Coffee.

Cordials.

The proper wine accompanied each course, with champagnes and brandies at the correct times. The china was imported Haviland; the glassware, fine crystal. And the \$68 covered the food, help, dinnerware, cartage and after-dinner mints.

This is impossible, of course, but it wasn't during the early years of the century. At that time Gaper's, now the best Chicago catering house, served such a meal at just that price.

Despite inflation, the small but rank partner of Stop & Shop has kept on purveying lavish spreads to lavish spreaders. A story of changing food habits has been recorded in the kitchens of the elegant establishment.

Today a staff ranging as high as 350 employees bakes the cakes and stuffs the pheasants which have put Gaper's on the social and gustatory map. Among them are a woman who does nothing but monogram initials on linens, and an artist whose entire time is spent designing and executing

pulled candy cakes. There are a glaze expert, an ice cream molder and a girl who can bone a squab in a record two and a half minutes.

Gaper's customers are as varied as its artisans' talents. Old names like Potter Palmer, Pullman and Swift stud its ledgers. But the firm has also served as many as 7,000 people — at a reception for the city of Waukegan on the centenary anniversary of its First National bank. Not long ago, Gaper's catered an elegant meal for a party of three — a bachelor wanted home entertainment for a couple of friends waiting to board an eastbound plane.

When a large movie distributor invited the press to a preview party aboard a submarine, he called in Gaper's to cater the job. As usual every detail had been planned in advance. That is, all but one: no amount of wriggling or pushing could get the chef down the hatch. In true maritime

style an S.O.S. was phoned to shore: "Quick, send out a thinner cook!"

One customer, the wife of a gentleman farmer, called during the summer: "I'd like to give a party," she announced. "And I'd like the food to be home-grown and home-cooked. Can you do it?" The hostess at Gaper's, accustomed to transporting parties off to Iowa, onto a yacht, half-way down a ravine or into a pasture, said "Sure."

On the morning of the event 15 waiters arrived, dressed in work clothes with serving gear under arm. Immediately they vanished into the corn field where they gathered roasting ears and fresh green beans. An hour later the hostess watched in amazement as half the Gaper's staff shinnied up her fruit trees to gather apples for the evening's pies.

The affair was a success, and it reflected the great change which had taken place in Chicago cuisine since the days when Mrs. Potter Palmer staked her butcher, Angela, in the catering business.

The queen of society felt that the South Side Gold Coast, then around 22nd and Michigan, needed a firm to take care of the increasing entertainment of the city's aristocracy. Under her tutelage Angela flourished. And later so did John B. Gaper on the Near North Side. After a series of mergers, the two firms were combined and since the first World War have been known as Gaper's.

Much has changed since those gilt-edged days. The seven-course meal with appropriate wines has bowed out to such substantial fare as roast beef, potatoes, salad and dessert. The formal dinner with red-vested butlers has been supplanted by the casual buffet



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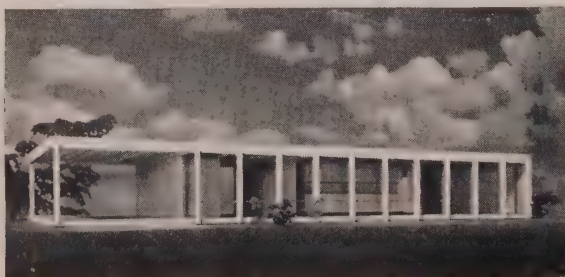
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with guests dining halfway up the stairs or even on the floor. "And what's more," a Gaper's employe added a trifle sadly, "everyone's on a diet. The result is that our marvelous French chef rarely gets a chance to demonstrate his art."

Tea was once a beverage sipped at four o'clock sharp by a circle of proper ladies who sat with fingers crooked and plate in lap. Today's four o'clock tea party starts any time after five. It generally consists of a cocktail accompanied by various tidbits. As Gaper's explains, "This is the era of the hors d'oeuvre."

Even the appearance of food has changed. There was a time when the chef's concern was to make the turnip look like a rose, the pear like a tulip. Colored cream cheese reigned supreme, and the finest dishes were those in which the food was camouflaged to appear what it was not.

TODAY, A GENERATION of realists insists that a pear look like a pear, that a steak be red and succulent. Coffee, once an after-dinner afterthought, daintily poured in a demitasse, is now consumed at the table in mammoth cups.

Perhaps the most drastic change of all has taken place in the locale of the party. The ranch house, with its emphasis on outdoor living, has introduced the age of the barbecue and the outside party. Portable dance floors, new tents and awnings and modern lighting have promoted elegant dining in the open.

Altho hot dogs are often served at even the classiest feasts, elegance is still definitely part of Gaper's business. Several times a year the firm serves "under glass." Moreover, it makes a six-tiered bridal cake, frosted with spun-sugar flowers and bells, which rings up the cash register for a tidy \$500. This towering pastry, which feeds upwards of 700 people, takes most of the spun-sugar sculptor's time for a week. And what's more, the best brains at Gaper's have often spent half a day figuring how to remove this baked pentagon off of the premises. Occasionally they've had to divide it into sections, but more often the freight elevator, which is large enough to hold a truck, has served.

Altho the table decor of yesterday including waterfalls with real stream bubbling over the table, has largely disappeared, fancy orders are still filled. The spun-sugar artist can make a centerpiece to match any design which may appear on the invitations.

Gaper's has given an all-pink party focused, of course, on the inevitable right choice of sea food — lobster. For one eventful 50th wedding anniversary

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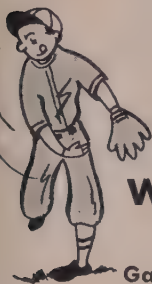
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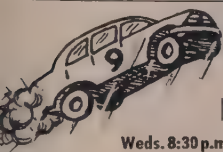
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ary, with the women dressed in gold lame and the men in gold cummerbunds and ties, Gaper's really did its share by dipping its entire silver service in twelve-carat gold.

THE ABILITY to carry off any kind of party in any sort of environment requires the skill of many people. Therefore, in addition to the culinary staff, Gaper's employs a number of party consultants who are experts in entertaining and etiquette. These women can tell a hostess how to assemble a receiving line or a grand march. They will provide for the confetti as well as the dance band, the matches as well as the menu. Because of their *savoir-servir*, it is possible for a hostess to enter her home five minutes before her guests and still have fun.

Not long ago Gaper's catered a party for a Lake Forest bride. Most of the food had been prepared downtown, then packed into several modern trucks. It took a little over an hour to transport the whole event out to the suburb. Back at the Gaper's headquarters, the chief packer, once a waiter himself, turned to a fellow worker. "Times have changed," he mused. "I remember that girl's mother. I was a waiter at her wedding. In those days we had to cook on the party premises, and we simply prayed that our food would stay fresh. After all, Lake Forest was an all-day jaunt by horse and wagon. But somehow we managed."

Scant recollection of the horse and buggy days is possessed by the boss at Gaper's. He is Max Schiff jr., a 39-year-old bachelor with an Ivy league degree. Trained in the ice cream and candy production division of the Stop & Shop empire, he has been manager at Gaper's for three years.

One of Schiff's assistants paid this tribute to his knack for the catering trade: "He's got the expert touch, the skilled eye which can take one look at a buffet table and know what's wrong."

THE STOP & SHOP emperor is Gardner Stern, whose east Washington street realm includes Gaper's, quartered on the second floor, the Stop & Shop itself, with its immense and varied stock of groceries and its restaurant, and Hillman's, the former competitor next door which also operates several super-supermarkets in outlying business sections. Stern is a tall grandfather in his middle forties who matches his business endeavors with a prominent role in civic affairs.

A paradoxical characteristic of Gaper's executives is slenderness. In Stern's case, it's attributed to the fact that he walks to work every day from his home on the Near North Side.

Fanny's Column

written by Fanny Lazzar

DESTINY WITH ITS MYSTERIOUS and fatal patience when it draws two beings together . . . laden with love for one another as clouds laden with lightning . . . overflows and mingles in a look . . . in a flash of fire . . . and whether it is love at first sight . . . or after a hundred sights . . . makes no difference. Two beings look at one another and fall in love. Nothing strange about that. After all . . . that is the only way people do fall in love. And to my mind . . . nothing is more real than the meanings which two souls convey to each other by the exchange . . . of that look. The look ensnares you . . . you are lost to the mysterious forces which take possession of you. You feel your brain on fire. The brain which had always been absorbed in some bit of wisdom . . . yet the outcome of its reasoning . . . declines . . . trickles away . . . when the gentle glow of love produces on you the effect of the sun without the wind . . . warmth without even the gentle chill of a butterfly's wings.

WHAT IS THE SONG OF A BIRD . . . what is the melting snow . . . what is the white of the dawn behind the mountain? What is the dream . . . the intoxication . . . the ecstasy . . . the chimaera . . . the longing . . . the mysterious thought . . . the pouring of the heart until it becomes permeated with the other . . . the possession of the soul . . . long before the body. When are the skies more studded with stars . . . and the trees more trembling . . . the odor of the grass more penetrating . . . when are you happier than you have ever been in your life? When the closed shutters of your mind open to the brightness of the DIVINE PHENOMENA OF LOVE.

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As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Marching bands filled the streets at night in June, 1880, as delegations began arriving for the Republican National convention in the Exposition building at Michigan and Adams. The meeting nominated dark horse **James A. Garfield** on the 36th ballot, rejecting a strong third term bid by General U. S. Grant . . . The day after the Republicans moved out the **National Greenback Labor party** came into the same building and chose J. B. Weaver of Iowa as its presidential candidate . . . Meanwhile, the National Woman's Suffrage association was meeting here under the chairmanship of Susan B. Anthony.



50 YEARS AGO. Ravinia park's new concert pavilion was dedicated in June, 1905, with a series of programs by the New York Symphony orchestra under the direction of **Walter Damrosch** . . . The Pennsylvania railroad's Flyer established a record by coming here from New York in 17 hours, 58 minutes . . . Alderman **Robert R. McCormick** of the 21st ward was nominated for president of the sanitary district by the Republican county convention . . . Amos Alonzo Stagg's University of Chicago track team won a smashing victory in the Western conference meet at Marshall field on the South Side.

25 YEARS AGO. In June, 1930, Chicago "Tribune" police reporter **Jake Lingle** was shot to death in the underpass to the Randolph street Illinois Central station. His killer escaped police after a chase of several blocks thru Loop streets. Civic indignation forced the resignation of Police Commissioner William F. Russell . . . The new Board of Trade building was opened, with President Hoover pressing a button in Washington to ring a gong starting business on the floor . . . **Frances Dee**, a 20-year-old Hyde Park girl, became a Hollywood star overnight when she was signed to play opposite Maurice Chevalier.



New Volumes from Two Poets

by Galway Kinnell

The Scarecrow Christ, by Elder Olson
(Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00)

Birthdays from the Ocean, by Isabella
Gardner (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00)

Two new books of poems, by Isabella Gardner and Elder Olson, both Chicago poets, have recently come from the press.

The term "obscurity" ought to be used carefully. We should differentiate the kinds of poetry to which the term is applied: first, poems which, intending to communicate a meaning, fail to do so on account of unclear or faulty writing; second, poems which, not possessing a meaning, create the illusion of possessing one; and third, poems which intentionally conceal their meaning in order to achieve specific effects. The poetry of Elder Olson is obscure only in this third way. Striking examples in *The Scarecrow Christ* are several semi-dramatic pieces with a texture of concealment and revelation thruout.

Most of Olson's poems are not obscure, but they often retain the

texture of surprise. In the beautifully wrought "Childe Roland Etc.," the narrator, championing the cause of the people, sets out to destroy a giant of whom the people complain, but of whose existence the narrator is not altogether convinced: coming to the castle,

I was just about to knock
—Thunderously of course—when
the door opened.

I think I have never met a more
charming person.

True, he was ugly and—large.

Each of these three sentences is surprising. The intention to knock thunderously is made silly by the door's opening. One expects, as the door opens, a horrible giant; instead there is a "charming person"; and the reluctant admission of his looks and size surprises again.

The book contains many poems of a more sober kind, turning on both our bestial beginnings—here a stark version of Adam's first looking on Eve:

Peering with red eyes where the
strange she squatted,
Her excrement smoking in the
savage grass—

and our spiritual transcendence; as this crucifix

All wrought to silver grace; anguish
translated to beauty, suffering
feigned in calm silver.

One of the most powerful of the religious poems, "Crucifix," contains this gripping portrayal of physical and moral suffering:

[the knees] . . . again and again
buckling and straightening, again
and again throughout the long
day, as weakness overcame pain,
and pain weakness,
And the painful thirst of the
wounded, worse than the wounds,
And the flies, to whom Christ's
blood was any other,
And worse than all, the fear, the
increasing fear
That all had been illusion, save
this pain.

One would have to look far to find a surer exposition.

There are weaknesses, certainly, in *The Scarecrow Christ*. While it is an uncertain science to identify in one poet the echoes of another, yet it is impossible not to say that in more than a few of Olson's poems one hears Yeats, sometimes Browning and Auden. The writing is often thin and, especially toward the beginning of the book, it is lacking in both conceptual and emotional richness. And here and there the poetry has an unusually thick verbal surface.

The Scarecrow Christ, as its title suggests, is not a gay book. Tho humorous in places, it is nowhere joyful. It is essentially a work of inner grief, poetry of the tower, that endures, not embraces, the world. Of his own search for wisdom, the poet writes:

And perhaps after all I have it:
at last recognizing

The treadmill as a treadmill: asking
of my empty journeys

Nothing, in the end, but to spare
my private nobility.

Most of the book offers Prospero's



Elder Olson

Fabian Bachrach photo



Isabella Gardner

Aaron Siskind photo

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answer to the brave-new-world poem beginning the book, "The Tale," written prior to 1934, which closes on these memorable, haunting lines:

We being bound, believed. We
Trusted to the dreamt
Land. We drank of the
Dream waters. We pursued
Down immaterial
Autumn and ghostly spring
Time's wraith, the phantom year.
— O, Earth is exceeding fair:
Go, go, be happy there.

ISABELLA GARDNER FINDS the earth fair indeed. Her book, *Birthdays from the Ocean*, smaller than the other, possesses a lyric brightness it does not approach. She delights in natural things. Elder Olson abstracts nature; Isabella Gardner simply wonders at the things themselves:

Glass ponds astound the juicy grass,
the air is wild
with the scents of thyme and fern
and briny childhood
and the glistening birds call
clearly in rinsed voices.

Thru sensuous detail and fluid cadences she recreates the feeling of a time past; as of her childhood, the salty boys and sun-burned girls I mooned with on the honeysuckled porch through locust-loud and sigh-soft summer nights.

Olson writes in a classical and Christian tradition of inner virtues; Miss Gardner's is the more primitive concern with death, with the will to live, with love, animals and things.

One of the best passages in *Birthdays from the Ocean* occurs in "Of Flesh and Bone," where the poet tells how, as a child,

I vowed that eyeless earless loinless
lonely,
I would refuse to die; that even if
only
one sense was left me, touch or
smell or taste,
I would choose to live; that in
a sewer of waste
a thicket of pain a mountain of
fear or the sea-
wrack of sorrow I would beg, steal,
and betray to be.

This is powerful writing. Everything in the passage moves to the ultimate line, lifting it to the intensity of an oath that is sacred and profane at once.

One of Miss Gardner's weaknesses is her difficulty in holding longer poems together — with the notable exceptions of "West of Childhood" and "The Milkman." The passage quoted above appears near the middle of "Of Flesh and Bone"; from that point onward the poem goes downhill. The moral and metaphysical dilemma of destroying life for the sake of embracing it, giving this passage its extraordinary power, is not explored further. The "I would beg, steal, and

betray to be" is transformed near the close of the poem into "I still wish to live with living's theft-/ing and assault." This re-formulation does not resolve, but only obscures, the dilemma.

As a rule the short poems are the more perfected, altho none rises to passages of comparable strength. "Gimboing," "To Thoreau on Re-reading Walden" and "In the Museum" I particularly like, but my especial favorite is "Summer Evening," here quoted entire:

The salmon west lept soft, spawned
wild to sunset,
and the poaching lovers stood
heron-still in the foam
of the orchard, baited to catch
some sound of home,
while no dog barked and no door
slammed and no child shouted.
But poplar leaves clashed like
cymbals in the thin wind that
blew
and at last the moon boomed out
of the apple-trees and the two
lovers dove into the amorous dusk
and swam like swans through the
clamorous air.

The syntactical arrangements, the buried and illusory rhymes, the loosening cadences and the rhythmic peak to which the last line rises, as well as the diction thruout, skillfully recreate the sensations of the place and the fervency of the event.

But these poetic skills come elsewhere to less desirable results. In common with Elder Olson, and indeed with almost all modern poets, Miss Gardner tends to over-elaborate her poems on the verbal level; in this instance, language is reduced almost to music:

Never never can I approach them
found
and finding to hear full frolic
voices mute
to not a decibel of sound
till the perilous pause dissolving
resolves to a decimal dazzle of scale
a sheer precarious fluting of greeting
a flickering miracled carol of Hail.

This is not satisfying poetry. It retains the reader's interest on the level of sound — the same fault, in more sophisticated form, of which Swinburne and Poe were culpable, who could however, practice it with more successful results. Miss Gardner's style tho her own, shows the influence of Dylan Thomas, which is an influence that by no means brakes her recurrent natural inclination to this kind of elaboration.

HERE ARE TWO books of poems produced out of the Midwest. For those who like to read poetry — and they should be more of them in this country where so much poetry is written — *The Scarecrow Christ* and *Birthdays from the Ocean* are worth buying.

The Onion Patch



in the unlikely event that Aristotle and Plato should visit Hyde Park and the Old Town Triangle, they would have a ball pointing out the similarities and the differences of these two vivacious communities, and arguing about whether the likeness or the disparity is more important.

Both neighborhoods, for example, have shown the way to other parts of the city in fighting encroaching slums. At Hyde Park has been doing it by clearing out rotten areas to build anew with mass planning and government-aid, while Old Town has relied on individual restoration and improvement of its ancient physical plant.

Another singular parallel is the fact that both communities celebrate the Mardi Gras in June. Each does it by holding an art fair, but the two events differ in many aspects that reflect the dichotomy between the areas where they are held. Even the names of the celebrations are significant in this way: The concise, explicit "57th Street Art Fair" as opposed to the effluvous, romantic "Old Town Holiday Arts and Crafts Fair."

The festivals are scheduled for the next two week ends of this month, and altho old A. and P. are not likely to show up, a lot of other people, possibly even too many, will.

Each of the fairs was started on a small scale in the late forties; each was snowballed unseasonably from year to year, always threatening to grow beyond the ability of its sponsors and its community to contain it but never actually doing so; each now attracts hundreds of artists and thousands of visitors.

The 57th Street fair is run by a committee of artists for the benefit of themselves and other artists. Each participant pays an entry fee of \$1.50, with the slight revenue covering routine expenses like publicity and the wire on which the displays are hung. Any artist with a buck and half can enter, and he is encouraged to deal directly with the public, which is admitted to the grounds free. The event is held in Bob Merriam's ward.

The Old Town Fair is sponsored by the Old Town Triangle association, which has been largely responsible for promoting the kind of housekeeping

that has made the neighborhood itself a work of art in a few years. Old Town is unique among communities in that physically and socially it now has essentially the same characteristics it possessed 50 years ago.

Only North Side artists can exhibit at the Old Town fair, and to do so each must contribute a representative work to the management. Television performers and other notables then auction off this booty, with the proceeds going to a neighborhood boys club. An admission charge of a quarter is levied on the public (it was paid by 21,000 people last year) and this money is put into a fund which will soon provide a community art and social center. The Old Town fair is held in Paddy Bauler's ward.

The 57th Street fair is less organized than its northerly counterpart, and more bohemian. Paintings are hung on chicken wire along the sidewalks. The Old Town fair is more colorful, more festive and more formalized — program books (another source of revenue) contain a map locating each artist's wares. Streets are blocked off and art is displayed in gaily decorated booths.

Both fairs are apprehensive as well as elated by their constant growth. The Hyde Parkers fear the loss of informality and the Old Town people cherish intimacy. Yet both are expanding their territory this year. The 57th Street fair, which has already enveloped the Ray school playground on Kimbark avenue, this year will take over the bathrooms inside the building. (For the usual purpose). The Old Town fair has always centered on the stub of Lincoln Park West which is not along the west side of Lincoln park. This year two other streets will be added to the midway, with a beer garden set up in the middle of Orleans.

In Hyde Park, the only tradition is flaunting tradition. Old Town has many traditions, and even a few legends. The most piquant of these concerns a beautiful courtesan who bestowed her favors on a number of gentlemen there during the last century. She was buried in the cemetery which occupied part of the area.

When the cemetery was moved

in the eighties and nineties, two of its occupants were allowed to remain. The Couch tomb which still stands in Lincoln park was left because the park board couldn't afford to move it. The belle was not disturbed because her grave couldn't be located. In later years her surviving lovers could be seen at night paying homage in various back yards around Orleans street where they believed she rested.

Her ghost is a faithful visitor to the Old Town fair.

THE YOUNGEST observer at the climactic Montgomery Ward stockholders meeting was 11-year-old Susanne Bowles of Huntington Woods, Michigan, and the one who had the most fun was considerably older John D. Ferris of Dallas.

Susanne, daughter of a one-share owner, admitted a preference for Wolfson, possibly based on her experiences as an autograph hound. The Wolfson people, she said, willingly obtained their leader's signature for her, whereas the other guys "thought I was gonna bite Mr. Avery." Susanne spent most of the meeting seeing how many words she could make out of the letters in "Montgomery Ward."

Ferris rang a cowbell, distributed lucky pennies, carried a brief case with a big label saying "built in Texas by Texans," asked why Ward stock rises every time Avery sneezes, tried to get the meeting adjourned in mid-passage, and delivered a stirring eulogy on Marshall Field's and Chicago girls.

THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER heard Dr. Preston Bradley speak (i.e., deaf mutes and lifelong residents of Tibet) might have been surprised by his concluding remarks at the Friends of Literature dinner. Dr. Bradley stated at least six times that he was about to repeat the greatest simile in the English language and then delivered a metaphor.

IT APPEARS that Ballet Theater will perform at the Ravinia festival again this year. Without looking at the program, it seems safe to predict a couple more performances of *Les Sylphides inevitables*.

— A. W.

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Readers & Writers

So Long

Sir: Curt Johnson's piece on De-Launty [April] is entertaining, informative and does a very good job of dusting away some of the cobwebs from the city's past. But! Need it have been quite so long? Since you don't have an excessive number of pages to fill, why not present the reader with two stories in the space that now only offers one?

IRMA KLEIN

The Editor's Too Much

Sir: James Hamrick had a wild story in your May issue. ["Man, This Is The End"] It was pretty far out in spots, but not many cats know jazz language as well as that. Did many people pick up on it?

ROCKY CRANDALL
Detroit

The Editor & Publisher did. He thought it was swinging.

Urban Opinion

Sir: Thank you for mentioning Hickory Corners in your fashion article. ["Fashionable Decisions," April] We have long considered that HC would rise eventually to its rightful place among the fashion-setting places of urban population, and it seems that with the help of CHICAGO we are started in the right direction.

DANIEL MCCRARY
Hickory Corners, Michigan
(Population almost 50)

Petunia Hater

Sir: Regarding your article, "A Minor Revolution in Petunias" [April] I feel that altho Mr. Robert T. Van Tress evidently knows his petunias, the subject is hardly one to be considered in a magazine like CHICAGO. Perhaps he can find a reading audience of the home-garden variety subscribers.

A ROSE LOVER
Milwaukee

So With a Sweeping Bow We Say Thanks

Sir: Congratulations on "The Price of Public Office." [April] It's about time a magazine did an informed and honest article on that subject. Yours was enlightening, a little frightening, but certainly well done.

JOHN THOMAS DREWS

Lightheaded Lithuanians: Bobo and Charlie

Sir: I was very interested to read "Here I am at Divorce Village." [May] As one who can claim almost pure Lithuanian ancestry, I think I can safely say, without offending anyone, that since most Lithuanians are such commonplace people, it's fun and pleasing to know about some who aren't, like Bobo Rockefeller and Charlie Karpis, for instance.

Your quotes were very amusing; I'm sure they couldn't be more accurate.

Incidentally, Mr. Karpis' first name is still Kasimir, altho I think the correct spelling in Lithuanian is "Kazimiras." It merely means "Charles."

CAROLINE GILMAN
Laurelton, New York

Bourbon Opinion

Sir: I am intrigued by "A. W." in his column, "The Onion Patch," in your April issue in which he discusses Paddy Bauler, plebian innkeeper [and members of that profession in general]. Your dynamic defense of these Gentlemen of the Bar moves me greatly, and, were I near a bistro, I would be moved to imbibe of fiery liquid potions to emphasize my indignation at the slurs cast by the metropolitan press at these paragons of civic pride.

What would the once decadent Hyde Park, Kenwood, Woodlawn, Oakland and Englewood areas be without our wizard innkeepers? They have transformed these communities into colonies of culture, sobriety and decreased crime. Decadence and decay decamped, and now all of them are the most desirable neighborhoods in which to live and raise families!

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